

Vol. XV

THURSDAY, JULY 6, 1905

No. 21.

THE MIRROR

SAINT LOUIS



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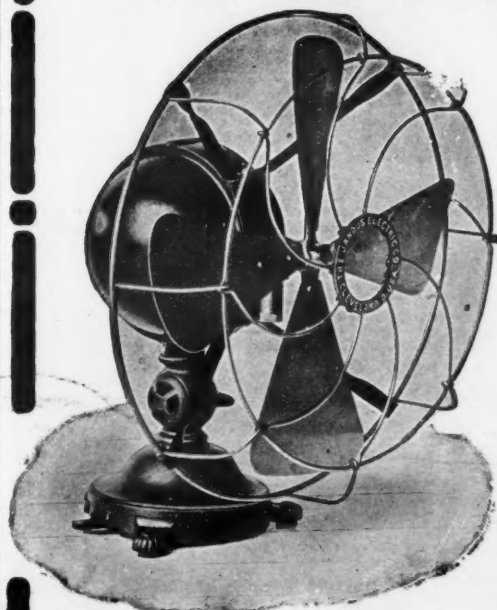
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WILLIAM MARION REEDY, Editor and Proprietor

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Grand Juries as Class Machines

By William Marion Reedy

THE Chicago strike may be broken, but Strike Leader Cornelius Shea, indicted by the Cook County grand jury, shouldn't be "broke," if he raked off \$60,000 through threats of strikes coercing money gifts or by taking pay for starting strikes. The figures make him a "big fish," but the other big fish get away as usual, the big concerns that induced strikes to injure competitors. Why is it that grand juries are selected exclusively from among men of means or supposed means? Who ever heard of a laborer on a city grand jury? Is it American to confine the choice of men for grand jury service to those who have money in certain large amounts, who are corporationists, or who have social position, real or imaginary? Is it fair that only the representatives of the bribing classes should be summoned to make inquiry as to bribery? No wonder the wealthy briber is so seldom indicted with the bribed. No wonder the lightning of indictment seldom strikes the man who is able to move in or get in touch with the business circles. Grand juries are taken, practically, from the Blue Book. Their members are chosen according to wealth or apparent wealth, or their association with the elements whose "respectability" is gauged by their business associations. Who ever hears of a bricklayer, or a stone mason or a clerk or any man of popularly called humble occupation on grand juries? The grand jury is a class institution of the worst kind. It is ruled by business sympathies which tolerate in business men what they condemn as graft or crime in others. It never indicts a business man except when the business man has fallen out of the game. It protects the class from which it is selected. Its members know that the business game is no more honest than the Union Labor game or the political game, but they are only prompt to indict those who prey upon the business element or poach on its preserves in the matter of graft of all kinds and sizes. This refers especially to State grand juries, though special class distinctions, which operate to the same end, are observed in the selection of Federal grand juries. The latter occasionally land the big fish in the puddle of crookedness, when there is some special reform wave rolling high, but even there the jurors usually are reluctant to lay a charge against a man of business associations lest it injure his reputation. They are not so careful of the reputations of the humbler class of citizens. Why bar from grand juries the mechanic, the day laborer, the clerk who is sober and intelligent, and a duly qualified citizen of the State? What amount of money or appearance of money or what sort of social standing distinguishes a man as having grand jury qualifications? As grand juries are now selected the result is to confine its membership to representatives of the interests that thrive by corruption of the public service, that flourish on rebates and operate through suborning purchasers or sellers, that pay for advantages over competitors and for privilege to violate the statutes and ordinances of States and cities. The so-called

respectable element, controlling grand juries, manages thus to keep itself reputable. But it slashes away bravely at the reputations of others who are not in the business or social running, upon the slightest provocation. The respectable element has no compunction at all about indicting the man it doesn't know in business or society. It regards most everyone not in the "Blue Book" much as the feudal lord regarded the villein and the hind. Grand juries are prolific in indictments of strikers, never of strike breakers. They always protect business by refusing to indict business men for violations of law that have grown into custom or a rule of the game. If they land the Armours, the Valentines or other big business men, even in the Federal courts, it is always under circumstances which are exceptional in that public indignation and sense of right demand some demonstration that money does not put a criminal above the laws. Our grand jury system needs a revision that will make it not a class institution but a democratic institution in which all kinds of honest citizens shall have representation, and no favored set shall find protection for anything but their "right to life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness." Grand juries should not be class machines.

Reflections

The Check on Roosevelt's Power

PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT is temporarily under quite a galling fire of criticism because of his exculpations of Minister Loomis and Secretary Morton. But it's good for him. There was a prospect that he would go along with too much praise. Mr. Roosevelt has made two serious mistakes, but they don't discredit his entire administration. A man who does so much as the President does can't help making some mistakes, and if the things he does are big things, the mistakes are sure to be big mistakes. The President is big enough to make big mistakes and to recover from them. He will do other things well which will obliterate memory of those errors. His best friends cannot but rejoice to behold him getting such a "jacketing" as he has not received since he lunched with Booker Washington. And it won't hurt him if the turn in the public prints from adulation to sharp criticism becomes, for a time, more pronounced. The President needs criticism. So much has devolved upon him in the way of powers, so much has the Administration, from Cavite to Boston and Winnipeg to Colon become merely an expression of himself, so much has he become the active principle in deeds governmental that we may well fear his vast sweep of authority may, to an extent, generate in him the idea that he is an autocrat. Sweeping, smarting criticism is necessary to remind him that he is not absolute, though ever since his accession to office the tendency has been for departments to

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cast upon him burdens of work, however welcome, which make it seem as if nothing can be done unless he does it personally. The President's powers have been enlarged enormously since the Roosevelt accession, and they need a popular check. No one knows this better than Theodore Roosevelt. And the warmest admirers of Roosevelt are among those who welcome the opportunity to criticise him in a way to warn him against the subtle intoxication that comes from power. There is a trend in the administration towards Rooseveltian absolutism, and that is bad not only for the nation, but for Mr. Roosevelt. The President's hand in everything compels admiration for his catholicity of efficiency, but it also makes us pause and consider what such a condition means. It means only one thing: The people having faith in Roosevelt are willing that he shall be, as we say, commonly, "the whole show." The whole official world unloads on Roosevelt. The people themselves unload upon him. It is we who are responsible if the President becomes an autocrat. Therefore, the press is justified in calling him down for his errors, and calling him quite hard. It is not true, exactly, that the President has usurped powers that smack of absolutism, for the people have "left it all to him," but, for all that, the President needs reminding that he may, with profit to his fame, put the soft pedal on his personal sway. He is a very personal President, and that is interesting and admirable, but there are many good friends of his who think that the spirit of this government is violated when the whole administration of affairs becomes the expression of the President's personality, even down to his prejudices, favorable or unfavorable, as regards individuals. And criticism can hardly be too severe,—of the acts rather than the actor—when we remember that what the President is doing is not so dangerous in the particular instances referred to as it is in the precedent it sets for the future. The whitewashing of Loomis, the excoriation of Bowen, the panegyricizing of Morton, the overruling of Messrs. Judson and Harmon, the dropping of Wallace, the startling promotions of Gen. Leonard Wood, the sudden Panama coup, the off-hand San Domingo treaty, the demonstration against Turkey—all these, as manifestations of Roosevelt's personal dominance, as expressions of his personality, as showing a quality of passionateness coloring the President's office, are symptoms of an approach to absolutism and autocracy which must alarm the American people, however they may admire and love the strong, quick, efficient man. A strong man will inevitably make subservient to him an officialdom which likes to avoid responsibility. There is no check upon such a man, except popular criticism, and such criticism must be loud and sharp to make itself heard above the sycophantic approval of those near to the President. Wherefore, say I, let the roasting of the President proceed, until, after he has duly enjoyed it as giving new zest to his strenuousness, he shall come to see that while the people may have liked him well last November, and given him a great vote of confidence, they did not give him *carte blanche* to dominate and supersede all departments of government and to make a new moral law such as he has evolved from his inner consciousness in behalf of Loomis and Morton. We love Roosevelt, but he needs chiding.

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The Million Club

Is "the lid" helping St. Louis to the million mark in population? It would not seem so to anyone listening to the talk of any St. Louis hotel-keeper. The Million Club has not passed any resolutions on the

subject, and, by the way, what has become of the Million Club? Probably its members are doing the best work towards the club's purpose by pushing their own business, but a great club should not ignore an issue so generally affecting conditions here as the closing up of the saloons on Sunday. The Million Club should not be hibernating itself in the good old summer time.

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John Hay

JOHN HAY was a great American statesman, a true scholar, a tender poet, a fine gentleman, an all around man. He was trained under Lincoln. He was a chief subordinate under Evarts. He was a friend of McKinley. He served his country in the court, the camp, the world of letters, and his personality was ever gracious and gentle. He saved China from dismemberment by the European allies. For his statesmanship most people will remember him. Many will think of him as the author of "Pike County Ballads," singer of *Jim Bludso*, *Little Breeches*, *Tilman Joy*. A few of us will cherish long the delicious flavor of him in that exquisite little speech-essay of his address some years ago to the Omar Khayyam Club of London, an expression of rare culture and right, true, kind, tender feeling not untouched with a wistfulness taking added pathos from his exalted position.

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Bucket Shop Gambling

THERE are two whole pages in the statute books of Missouri defining the establishment and conduct of a bucket shop as a violation of law. Even the person who rents premises for bucket shop purposes is an offender in the eye of the law. The bucket shop business is plain gambling, and not square gambling at that. It ramifies into every prosperous small town in the Southwest from a nexus in St. Louis. State officials ignore the game. It is worse than the racing graft for making defaulters and embezzlers and business wrecks. It is controlled and conducted here by the same gang that has controlled racing and craps and "sure thing" games. Why is not this gang proceeded against?

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Stealing Under Politics

OFFICIAL inspection of finances in Missouri has been seemingly very lax. Now that the Salmon Bank at Clinton has "gone bust" we are told that the institution has been insolvent for two years. It has been inspected several times, and each time the inspector reported the bank "good." W. D. Thomas, treasurer of the Insane Asylum at Fulton has been robbing the funds since 1897. Last March he left the State a defaulter for over \$40,000. His books had been, or should have been, regularly inspected. The absconding treasurer had a strong Democratic pull. So had the cashier of the Salmon Bank. The two cases thoroughly justify the suspicion that politics during long years of unqualified party rule has been a shield for a great deal of crookedness which may come to light with the recent change in the partisanship of State officials. Law enforcement against those close to the leaders of the dominant party has been lax. Inspectors have taken for granted that their political friends were all right. It is not believed that steals and frauds were deliberately connived at by officials who should have exposed them. It is evident, though, that when the politics of a State change, the abuses and evils that flourished under former conditions are likely to be exposed. A State should change its politics often—any State, Pennsylvania as well as Missouri, Michigan as well as Mississippi. Too long rule by any party fosters

the favoritism of officials towards party friends and speculation flourishes when the thief has friends in power.

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Kinney's Plea for Mercy

JUSTICE should be tempered with mercy. An intolerable deal of Folk would be the better for a slight admixture of Kinney. The Senator's plea to the Governor for a pardon of the little boodlers, in view of the fact that the big boodlers went free, is one that will be echoed by all citizens not wholly mad with *reformitis*. The boodlers have been punished enough—every one of them. Senator Kinney's talk to the Governor for the pardon of the men who took the money is supported by the absence from the pen of the men who gave the money and received millions in return. No one could more appropriately pardon the boodlers than the man who convicted them. The men in the penitentiary are six in number. To get them there more than twice as many were allowed to go free. The squealers and the acquitted were notoriously the worst offenders. As to the imprisoned, it may be said that there is not one of them who is not as effectively punished now as he will be six months or a year or three years from now.

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Secretary of State Swanger

SECRETARY OF STATE SWANGER closed the Clinton Bank when all the money that should have been there was gone. Secretary of State Swanger found things wrong with the People's United States Bank, but gave the proprietor, Lewis, time to fix things up. Secretary of State Swanger "indorsed" Lewis and his scheme even while unsatisfied as to the securities upon which Lewis borrowed money from himself. Secretary of State Swanger left the Lewis bank "in the hands of its friends," and there it is, still. Secretary of State Swanger is a wonderful official.

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Four Flushing on the Arbitrary

THE magazine *Success*, takes a whirl at the subject of our bridge arbitrary and terminal monopoly question. It decides that the Business Men's League is a bunch of dubs on that issue. I will not dispute the proposition. Attorney-General Crow is asking the dissolution of the Terminal by the United States Supreme Court on the theory that produced the dissolution of the Northern Securities merger. In the latter case one company owned three others. In the terminal are fifteen companies owning one company for the facilitation of the traffic of all. There is a decided difference in the cases, as to the purposes of the holding, if not in the law applicable to the special instance. The salient fact of the existence of the Terminal Association is that it is a tremendous plant, the maintenance and operation of which must be paid for, no matter who owns it. If the railroads entering St. Louis can't legally own it, then some one else must. No private company would take it and operate it at a loss. Goods can't be carried free over one mile of track any more than over another. The bridge arbitrary can be abolished superficially, but it will be in the bill on every pound of freight, somewhere. The Terminal as a connecting railway has to have its share for transporting goods over its lines. There is only one sure way to wipe out the bridge arbitrary and put St. Louis on the map. That is for the city to purchase the Terminal Association with its two bridges. If the city could take the Terminal revenue and apply it on public work the city could afford to lighten the burden of taxation on the private citizen very materially. If the city could take the terminals and run

them at cost, it might be that the increased business of the city would so build up the town that increased taxation would more than make up for the lack of profit in the operation. The Terminal Association has the city surrounded, "cinched." There's no question of that fact. But freight that is hauled must be paid for, and roads that end in Illinois under their charter cannot run farther than that. They must deliver and receive freight for St. Louis through a road between St. Louis and their terminals. Such a road, no matter by whom owned, cannot be operated on a philanthropic basis. If the railroads own such a road, they are more likely to give good rates than would be a corporation unconnected with the railroad directories. The Terminal Association may absorb the arbitrary. St. Louis may be put on the map. But freight transportation between St. Louis and East St. Louis must be paid for, and it will be paid for, if not openly itemized on the bill, then disseminated, or absorbed in other charges along the lines of the holding corporations. Municipal ownership of the St. Louis terminals is the logical cure for all our troubles with the bridge arbitrary. The Business Men's League is up against this logic, but it is afraid of the logic. This, although Mr. Samuel Merwin does not openly say so, is the hidden inevitability of the conditions presented in the St. Louis terminal situation, in the *Success* article. The city should take charge of the terminals and make its own rates with a view to indirect profit to the town. But the eminent merchants who are yowling about the bridge arbitrary and the Terminal monopoly think municipal ownership is anarchy. They are mistaken. The real anarchy is in the self-interest of the shipper who fumes and thunders, in a *Pickwickian* sense, about the monopoly, but secretly carries favor with it and seeks for rebates on the quiet. Some of the most tremendous bloviators against the Terminal Association and its monopoly, men whose pictures are frequently in the papers as civic heroes, were only recently convicted of having formed corporations to transfer their own freight by wagons to and from the termini of the roads and claim a special rebate. They would transfer no goods but their own, yet they wanted the railroads to give them the same privileges they give to a transfer company that is ready to carry any and everybody's freight. There's a terrible lot of four-flushing in the Business Men's League on this subject of the bridge arbitrary. Many of the leaders in the fight are acting for sheer buncombe. They are all afraid of the plain evidence that if St. Louis wants to control the city's freight business the only way to do it is to control it. All other talk is "hot air." The real thinking people of the city are becoming weary of it.

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The Black Heart of St. Louis

Two weeks ago the MIRROR printed an article entitled "The Black Heart of St. Louis," calling attention to the change in the center of the city as to population during the past few years. Incidentally the fact was alluded to that the negroes appear to be increasing in this city at a stupendous rate. The settlements of negroes between Chouteau and Cass avenues, the river and Grand avenue, are all enlarging. They are eating into the West end at a surprising rate. They are negotiating for the ownership of church structures in the West End only five years ago utilized by fashionable white congregations. Any observer knows that the negroes swarm over the city in numbers great enough to be not infrequently offensive. They crowd the street cars in a way not agreeable, at least, in this weather, to our olfactories.

They swagger and bluster and put on frills everywhere, and only too many of them are not only intractable, but unbearably arrogant in their attitude as servants and employees. The servant girl question is made worse by the airs put on by the women of that race. They are neither assiduous in work, nor respectful in bearing, and they quit their places without a word of warning. When the darkies are all out in a crowd they override or overwalk anybody. They show up an astonishing number of men dressed much better than the average white man, most of them, seemingly, doing no work at all. They have money to spend, and they evidently feel their oats to a point of skittishness not pleasant to contemplate. They are at times insulting, and especially so to conductors of street cars. One hears them not infrequently talking back at the police. They walk boldly into saloons patronized by white men. These are facts of common knowledge, and they are stated here with no view to sensationalism. There is no doubt in the mind of anyone that the flourishing of the negro in this city does not mean the flourishing of the best negro. Those familiar with conditions in the center of the city are free to admit, too, that the flourishing of the worse sorts of negroes is largely due to protection due to politics. The negro has been made a part of the machine here. In consideration of his usefulness he has privileges. He can run a crap game steadily or spasmodically. He can live without visible means of support upon the earnings, licit or illicit, of his woman or women. He can graft upon his more ignorant brothers and sisters in any way he may see fit, and then organize himself into a club at which, from time to time, white men of distinction, even of aristocratic and anti-negritic antecedents are glad to call and fraternize in the interest of party organization. And this is not done by Republicans either, but by Democrats. And not by the Irish or German Democratic bosses either, but by leaders from the fair and glorious Southland. When the "flash buffalo" gets into trouble with the police, though the police rarely bother one with a pull, there are leading white men to intercede for him and to fix things, the return upon such labor being that there is a phenomenal Democratic vote in the black settlements. In fact, the wards that compete for the title of Democratic "Gibraltar" of the city are in almost every instance heavily populated by negroes who are duly registered, and if they do not vote, are, at least, voted. There are, of course, many thousand decent, hard working, polite and respectful negroes, men and women, in the city, but they are not much in evidence in the heart of the city, and they live, usually, in settlements further out in the town. That the prevalence of the more insolent negroes is a matter that must soon come up for serious discussion in this community needs no demonstration to the person who finds negroes now and then outnumbering whites four to one on the Olive Street cars, while the whites at times seem almost crowded off the Laclede and Market and Franklin avenue and Chouteau avenue cars, morning and evening. It is not uncommon to see white women standing in cars rather than take seats along with negroes who have a passion for sitting alone, just as white persons do. That the ubiquity of the negro here is sufficient to make people believe there must be almost 100,000 of them in the population cannot be gainsaid. That the St. Louis negro, generally speaking, is not the sort of being in black with whom, in former times, we were familiar, will be testified by all having dealings with the darkey of to-day. That the fresh, flash, insolent negro's multiplication is likely

to cause trouble is perfectly plain to anyone realizing the instinctive attitude of the white towards the black. That Democratic politicians and pronouncedly Southern Democratic politicians are chiefly responsible for the flaunting of some of the worst characters of the negro in the faces of the whites is not in need of demonstration. The bold black has been coddled and privileged to a degree to make him feel he is of more importance to the machine than most white men, and there are some people who believe that certain real estate interests dominant in the Democratic party are instrumental in helping along the infesting of certain neighborhoods by blacks with a view to depreciating property to a point at which those interests may acquire it, and then dispose of it at a profit. There is talk of a grabbing purpose behind the men who want to get negroes into the occupancy of streets hitherto occupied by well-to-do whites. "The black heart of St. Louis" pulses hardest in regions which in the near future are to be desirable for business purposes. Black families planted here and there in a neighborhood frighten whites into selling their property at a sacrifice to those who have the influence and the power later to offer the property to great concerns seeking expansion. Market and Chestnut streets may, in the future, be needed for terminal purposes. Washington and Lucas avenues and Locust street may soon be needed to accommodate the enlarging boot and shoe making business, and the demand for other factories. But be all that as it may, the negro is becoming a very conspicuous element in the population of St. Louis, a factor implying something like black domination in the Democratic machine wards of the city where the majorities are manufactured, a decided menace to order. This is something, I take it, that should be taken into consideration by the good people who are working here for civic improvement and the City Beautiful.

♦♦

Simon vs. Wells

No more efficient head of a department than Dr. Simon is to be found in the St. Louis city government. Yet he is to be tried on charges preferred by the man who is to try him, and removed from office. The charges are absurd technicalities, violations of petty red tape rules, rigid regard for which would make the performance of duty absolutely impossible and clog the public service interminably. Dr. Simon is to be ousted because he dared to think he might be nominated for Mayor when Wells wanted the job a second time, and because the Jefferson Club junta wants to fill the places of the men appointed by Simon. Mayor Wells wants to gratify officially a private desire for revenge. He uses the public service for his private ends. This is reform. Dr. Simon is the superior of Wells in every particular that may be conceived as to the qualities and faculties distinguishing a man or an official.

♦♦

Wallace Done Brown

"ROOSEVELT, the Roaster," is his latest title, anent the promulgations as to Bowen and Wallace. Wallace's burning up is the best declaration against the money ideal yet put forth. It makes the \$25,000 a year man shrivel up to nothingness to read the Secretary of War's words as to his selfishness in leaving a great public work in his country's interest for a better position and more comfort. Severe as is the denunciation it is well deserved, since Wallace left the government in the lurch at a crucial stage of the canal work, after having professed his satisfaction with the conditions and terms of his employment.

Taft's words are burning, but not so much as Roosevelt's coldly contemptuous acceptance of the resignation of Wallace. The man of intelligence who puts money above everything deserves the scorn of all men. Wallace was not fit for the job if he didn't realize that the doing of the work and the part the work, completed, would play in the affairs of mankind, identified in history with his name, were the greatest part of his emolument. The money ideal is the ideal of a small mind and a shallow soul. No big work like the Panama canal could be well done by a man with so little imagination as to be able to see nothing but the money in it. The country is well rid of Wallace in the position of Chief Engineer at Panama. But Wallace must not make us forget the whitewashed Loomis and the eulogized Morton, both of whom deserved what Bowen and Wallace received in such scorching measure. The latter two are idolators of the money ideal, not less than Wallace, who goes from a position of world-wide importance branded with a brand of meanness of spirit which will not even permit him the solace of inglorious oblivion.

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Post-Dispatch Philanthropy.

DON'T let us be quite overcome by the *Post-Dispatch's* generosity to the public in giving it eight columns to a page. The columns are narrower. That means more advertising lines to a page, and more profit, especially on the little "want ads." Great paper, the *Post-Dispatch*, and run by as fine a crowd of good fellows as ever were anywhere, but the eight-column paper means nothing but more business, more profit. The want ad that you could get into one line of ten words you now get into two. What cost ten cents now costs twenty cents. See? But it's all right, when the ad's worth it.

❖❖

Chauncey and Dave

CHAUNCEY DEFEW, at \$20,000 a year, and David Bennett Hill, at \$5,000 a year, have been dropped from the Equitable's pay roll. Hill probably doesn't miss the \$5,000, but it must grieve him to think that his old friend, Grover Cleveland, steps into the Equitable as he goes out. As for Chauncey Depew, he had to go, since the high insurance business has become no laughing matter, and with so many of his insurance friends trying to break into prison they have no use for a high-salaried jokesmith.

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Professionalism in Sport

THE President's Harvard address will do more to suppress the professionalism of college athletes than all the thunders of the magazine writers. The President is himself something of an athlete, and he rightly condemns that tendency of the times which develops professionals in order to gratify the lookers on, the "bleacher athletes." We are getting to be like the Romans, whose vigor deteriorated into a mere liking for the spectacle of other men at wild or cruel play. We are not the sporting people we were. We don't play games but pay an admission to a grand stand to see other people, base ballists, foot ballists, boxers, playing. All this means a laziness that takes delight in watching others in action. It denotes physical and moral flabbiness, and that is what our colleges must not sanction. It makes for cruelty, too. The crowd always likes to see blood. The college men who cater to this desire become mere parasites pandering to the mob. Professionals as professionals in sport, are well enough as far as they go, though money inevitably taints sport, but the semi-professional undergraduate is a degenerate from

the college ideal of sport as a mere test of endurance or skill, with the purpose of developing a sound body as the home for a sound mind and spirit. The growth of professionalism indicates a growth of luxurious delight in vicarious effort, and the encouragement of servility, the cultivation of a pandering servile class. The President speaks the highest word on the strenuous life in his condemnation of professionalism in college sports. The nation applauds him. It is disgusted with the thought of college victories of sport, won not by the efforts of the contesting students but by money-bought strength of outsiders.

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Railways Fight the Canal

TRANSCONTINENTAL railway influences are suspected to have been behind the withdrawal of Chief Engineer Wallace from the Panama Canal work. They were also suspected of having prompted his suggestion for a sea-level canal instead of one of locks. The adoption of that suggestion would have delayed work for many years. Henceforth the work will go on along lines generally opposite to those indicated in the later suggestions of Wallace. The new Chief Engineer, John F. Stevens, appears to be as good a man as Wallace, scientifically speaking, and not afraid of yellow fever. Wallace should have felt that he was immune from yellow fever by virtue of the "yellow streak" in him, displayed in his action as a "quitter." The transcontinental railways opposed to the canal project may as well stop fighting it. They can't fight the whole country, and the whole country wants the canal, and wants it quick. The railroads can't buy off all the engineers. They will probably confine their further obstructive efforts to the Senate, but Roosevelt is not afraid to do things over the heads of the Senators.

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Reorganization Difficulties

THE St. Louis *Republic* and Governor Folk are still working to get the State Central Committee reorganized, and to bring the old machine men back into line for the Democratic party. But the old machine men are holding off. They don't want the party to go back to Francis. They don't want Francis for Senator, nor Wells for Governor, nor Folk for President. They don't want Stone turned down and out. They don't see where the money is coming from, with all the corporations "sore." The *Republic* and its friends seem to think that the brewers will put up the money necessary to finance the party, if the party will agree to stave off prohibition; but the brewers have learned what they may expect from the Folk crowd. Folk has not recognized one man of the old machine crowd in his appointments. The Folk appointees in the counties are not the men who are strong enough to force the old machine men into line. The men who have been working the Democratic politics of this State for twenty years are disgruntled and sulking. Mr. Folk can't build a machine. If he wants to keep his head above water he must fight shy of a machine and make his play at the people, as he has always made it. So far as there is a solidified sentiment among the State's practical politicians, it is against Folk and his policies, all of which cut off contributions. Nothing can save Folk to the old-line party men but Bryan, and Bryan sticks to Stone in spite of all obloquy heaped upon the Senator. If Bryan wants Folk for President, he will want Stone in the Senate, and not Francis. And Bryan won't stand for Wells for Governor, since Wells "spat on" Bryanism. If Mr. Folk wants to hold the State's iron-clad Democrats in line for him for further honors, he will have to make terms with

Stone, for the iron-clads regard Folk even now as only an ephemeral incident, an accident, a passing fancy, a political freak, while Stone is still the boss. The Stone crowd won't stand for any "frame up" for Francis and Wells under cover of another gubernatorial candidacy of the young man from St. Louis who gave battle to Folk before, even though that young man come forward with the plea that the liquor interests will back him on a wide-open platform, though it is not clear why the brewers should do this, seeing that the young man's three friends on the Police Board, Messrs. Wells, Hanlon and Blong, constituting a majority of that body, could have prevented the placing of the lid on St. Louis if they wanted to do so. The brewers surely need to be saved from such friends.

❖❖

Free Russia

RUSSIAN autocracy is doomed. The revolt known to this country chiefly through the mutiny at Odessa, is wider spread than the Russian censorship will permit to appear. It seems as if much of Russian army and navy disaster has been due to disaffection in the forces. There is a school of revolution in Russia, the members of which believe in suicide as protest, and many of these believers actually permitted themselves to be slaughtered by the Japanese with only perfunctory resistance. In the navy, especially, it is said the men did not fight patriotically, but went into action as passive resisters. The zemsky sobors are active everywhere, and the industrial classes are seething. The government is helpless against its own people and against the Japanese. Even the aristocracy is showing a growing disloyalty, and the educated elements are for reform to a man and a woman. The domestic disturbance cannot be wholly repressed. The revolution will succeed. If not to-day, then tomorrow. Russia must make peace with Japan. She cannot fight with the fire in the rear at home. It is only a question of time, and not of a very long time, and the Russian people will have free government. There is no alternative for Nicholas and his advisers. If he does not act soon, the Terror will again break loose, and others will meet the fate of Sergius and von Plehve. The people will rule, and then Russia's real greatness will begin. Japan is the best friend the Russians ever had, and Japan's peace terms will put a fiercer pressure on the autocracy, forcing concessions to the masses.

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Sweden and Norway

SWEDEN and Norway may yet go to war, though the world hopes not. Sweden inclines to coerce the sister kingdom, as shown by a recent declaration leaving Norway but one war-port. Norway is more peaceably disposed than Sweden, though her grievances are many. The Swedes have a better navy, apparently, and a better army, too. All Europe, however, will do its best to avert war, the general status being such that a small spark may start a large flame. Both the Scandinavian countries and Denmark have reason to dread strife, which may give occasion for Germany's ambitions to enter in upon them, and make them practically vassal to the Kaiser. Sweden and Norway should arbitrate. There are enough big, able men in both countries to enable a joint commission to effect peaceable separation.

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News by Innucendo

You must read the newspaper dispatches between the lines nowadays. Take this, from Washington, last Sunday, as a sample: "One of the most striking instances of the superb independence of the up-to-

Albert Bloch



MAYOR ROLLA WELLS.

Kindly Caricatures No. 7.

date American girl was shown yesterday, when Miss Roosevelt, the President's daughter, started on her long ocean voyage to the Philippines without a single member of her family to see her off. She was merry enough, however, and spent the day in driving about, shopping and bidding her friends, good-bye, having with her a short time in the White House Surrey Representative Nicholas Longworth." This is "delicate" imputation and insinuation that there is some friction in the Roosevelt family, and a hint of Miss Roosevelt's engagement to Mr. Longworth. The latter has been long surmised, but the gossip on the former intimation is without justification. There was no need to "see off" the young lady who is abundantly chaperoned, and her father and mother, in all human probability, made their good-byes in private, as was proper.

♦♦

Cabinet Making

AN opportunity now for Secretary Metcalfe to get out of the Cabinet gracefully, also for Secretary Shaw. An opportunity, too, for Mr. Cortelyou to move up to Mr. Shaw's place. What a festival for the editorial and corner-store cabinet makers to practice in problematics!

♦♦

The Apple of Discord

POPE PIUS X. has withdrawn the Church's interdict against the participation of Catholics in the Italian elections. He does this because the Socialists are so strong that it is necessary for the Church to join hands with the Italian government to prevent a Socialist triumph. This is remarkable testimony to the strength of Socialism, and the Church will be about as effective against that political cult as it has been against Democracy—that is, *nil*—but the most remarkable thing about the removal of the restriction upon Catholics is its recognition of the Italian government, and its implied tendency towards a retrogression as to the Papacy's claim to temporal power. It is even said that the Vatican and the Quirinal are preparing to negotiate a surrender of the claim to temporal power in consideration of certain heavy payments of moneys to the Pope due to loss of his dominions. That American Catholics generally think the Pope would be better off without any claim to temporal power is undoubtedly true. They don't think that a church in politics succeeds in spiritualizing politics, and they do think that politics in a church canalizes a church. About all the abuses that have arisen in the Roman Catholic church have been due to its mixture in worldly politics as is pretty conclusively shown in a recent volume, "The Apple of Discord," by a Roman Catholic, published at Buffalo. The author goes through the history of the Papacy from "the twilight of fable" to the present day, and shows that the temporal power has been the cause of most of the scandals and schisms in its history. "The Apple of Discord" is a blunt book, and it has day and date and orthodox authority, apparently, for every assertion it makes. It is not irreverent towards the church. It is evidently the work of a sincere Roman Catholic, and its massing of testimony proving the debasing effects of the temporal power idea upon the Catholic hierarchy all over the world is powerful by reason of the absence from it of all appearance of the *odium theologicum*. "The Apple of Discord," coming almost simultaneously with the Pope's recognition of the Italian government in the matter of permitting Catholics to vote in those elections, is significant. If the Pope were untrammelled by claims of temporal power, out of world politics, he would be much more influential with the other powers, argues the anonymous author of this book, and it calls for no great wisdom in anyone to

see the force of such a contention. Pius X. probably sees this point. Leo XIII. was more powerful than Pio Nono, who was mostly ineffective in the political world because he made a continuous grievance of the loss of his temporal power. Undoubtedly there is better feeling between Vatican and Quirinal than there has been since the day of Garibaldi; but neither one nor both will stop the march of Socialism, which is only the logical development of democracy.

♦♦

WILLIAM H. TAFT is the Man of Destiny.

♦♦

Five Hundred Saloons Closed

"THE lid" has already put about five hundred saloons out of business in St. Louis. This means a big loss in rent, in wages to saloon employes, in expenditures with those who supply saloons with beer, liquors, cigars, soft drinks, ice, electric lights or gas, telephones, etc. It means a loss to the city at once of \$300 on every license allowed to lapse, or \$15,000. This does not look like good business. It is not particularly good morals, since the lid doesn't drive out of business those saloons which are most conspicuously plague-spots. The dives have a good enough business to stand Sunday closing. The least harmful saloons are those that are closing. Even in the scarlet districts the worst joints continue to run. The closing of so many saloons will probably make business better for those remaining open, but the curtailment of money circulation indicated above will not be offset by this improvement in business for those saloons which stay open. Reform is hitting a great many people, and not the worse people either, pretty hard. What will the reaction be? The people generally are not saying much about "the lid," but the people of St. Louis, four to one, do not believe in Sunday closing, and they will say so with their ballots at the first opportunity.

♦♦

Poor Innocent Beef Barons

MANY big Chicago packers have been indicted for violating the Sherman anti-trust law, conspiring to monopolize business and raise prices, taking alleged rebates. So far, so good. The question is whether the indictments will stick. Also whether a great wrong is not done in indicting men for what their corporations may have done. The Morton vindication will not down. The President and the Attorney General, by the Morton precedent, should order the Chicago indictments nolle prosequed.

♦♦

Philadelphia's Reform Cyclone

REFORM is a cyclone in Philadelphia. The public prayers for Mayor Weaver about two months ago, in all the churches of that city, have been thunderously answered. Two thousand arrests in Sunday raids! Reform is a good thing, but it stirs up a great deal of nastiness, and it scatters germs of vice in regions never penetrated before. It won't be long, unless all signs fail, until we have some such wholesale raid as in Philadelphia last Sunday, in St. Louis. Reform becomes virulent. It has to run its course. But human nature doesn't change, and reform waves don't obliterate the appetites and passions of men or women in large settlements, and repression is always followed by license. See Sanger, the authority on this subject.

♦♦

Phones at the Theaters

Now that the local theater managers are not too busy, won't they please consider the advisability of installing telephones in their box offices, so that a person can obtain seats without walking or sending a messenger. Telephone orders would be made good

here, just as they are in other cities, and if tickets ordered by phone for a good show were not called for at curtain raising time, there would be plenty of people to take them. There would be few 'phone orders given for poor shows. The absence of telephones from the local box offices cost the managers more than they would lose by holding tickets on such orders for people who wouldn't call for them. Telephones in the box offices will increase business to an extent sufficient to compensate for any annoyance the use of the instruments may cause.

♦♦

A Sewer Street

THIS is the sort of weather that warrants a demand for civic cleanliness. If the Street Department will inspect St. Charles street, between Fourteenth street and Jefferson avenue it will find work to keep it busy for a month in cleaning up. There may be filthier thoroughfares in Constantinople or other Oriental towns. Possibly there were more disease breeding streets in old Havana. But there is no such dirty, littered, odorous street in any other large city in America. A little liquefaction of some of its debris and detritus would turn the street into an open sewer. That such a stretch of untidiness and noisomeness should exist in the center of the town is enough to make plain the bogus quality of the reform in administration now being given us by the crowd in charge of the City Hall. St. Charles street is likely to poison the great Washington avenue business district with its odoriferous effluvia. Clean up St. Charles street, Mr. Street Commissioner!

♦♦

Rockefeller's Money to Yale

YALE knows how to deal with "tainted money." It takes Rockefeller's million with a whoop. Seize a nettle boldly, and it soft as silk remains, eh! There isn't a dollar anyone handles these days that isn't "tainted" at some stage of its passage from hand to hand. It isn't the money itself that's bad, but the men who handle it from time to time. If money is used for a good purpose the virtue thereof is credited to the user, not to the money itself. A good act done by John Rockefeller is a good act independent of all bad acts he may have done in the past. Money devoted to a good act is purified of taint. The good act atones for bad ones. Yale did right to take Rockefeller's money. It would have done wrong to deny him such method of atonement or restitution. It is not good Christianity to shut the gates of mercy on the millionaire, and if all sin be pardonable, surely the sin of covetousness is pardonable when it is expiated by generosity of giving to the enlargement of the human mind and the development of the human soul by education. Yale takes the money. Rockefeller makes restitution. Yale devotes the money to the uplifting of the people. Rockefeller, by giving, confesses his obligation to the people of whom he made the money. All the people own the earth and the increment thereof, and Rockefeller wouldn't give if he didn't realize that he had more than his rightful share. If money in Rockefeller's hands be bad, how better minimize the evil than by taking it from those hands to devote to other uses? If laws have helped Rockefeller ruin competitors and rob the people, then the best thing that can happen Mr. Rockefeller's money is that it shall be taken by an institution like Yale and applied to such education as will produce a citizenship that will abrogate all laws which enable the few to despoil the many. Rockefeller's money, rightfully used by Yale, will mean the impossibility of future Rockefellers. It's up to Yale to do right with the money, and it won't do right unless it educates its students along lines which shall deprive cum-

ning men in future of power to aggrandize the earth and the fullness thereof to their own advantage over their fellow men under perversions of law. Yale will purify Rockefeller's money of whatever taint it may have by educating for a square deal for all the children of men, by educating against privilege, and especially against the privilege of cutting the people off from access to the resources of the soil. Rockefeller gives his money back to the people. Yale must see that the money "gets there" in the establishment of a code and custom which will insure to the people their share in the heritage which God has given them in common.

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Best for Both.

Down goes the Concordat in France. Now prepare to see both France and the Roman Catholic church better off as a result of separation of church and state. The church will yet have cause to bless the Socialists for bringing about the divorce. In this country most of the Catholic denunciation of the abolition of the Concordat will come from the German Catholic editors and clergy. This is natural. It chimes in well with the Kaiser's coddling of the church of late years. What France does is wrong fundamentally, in German eyes.

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Our Real Estate Boom

REAL estate booms are good things in their way. It is good to read that the people are buying homes far out. But the boomers must not forget the "for rent" signs that are so conspicuous in the sections of the city which a few years ago were densely populated. If we want a million population we must go to work to make the for rent sign infrequent, although a multiplication of small realty holdings and homes owned by those who live in them means a happier population. It is doubtful if a million population for St. Louis means a happier St. Louis. It is a question whether in great cities misery is not multiplied more enormously than felicity. The realty boom makes for happiness, in so far as the boom means home making, and the for rent sign is a good sign, if it means people are quitting renting to take and make homes of their own, and are not being led into debt upon which they have to pay robbing interest, but the for rent sign in the city's center is not a sign of tremendous business activity or of an increasing population. Where it means that the people are breaking away from rent and going to the land, well and good, but if the places vacated by home-builders remain vacant, it is a sign of a stationary population and lack of progress, to say nothing of loss on property. If the places for rent are to be filled, the Million Club can only accomplish that end by working along lines that will expand the manufacturing interests of this community. Make this city a place where men can find work, and steady work, and the million will come swift and easy. If money realized in such heavy land sales as the Mercantile Trust Co. has been making is put in manufacturing enterprises the million will be forthcoming, for with the development of our Southwestern territory, there will be myriad needs for manufacture to supply and great profit in the supplying. This will obliterate the for rent signs and mean more home making, too. A grave trouble with St. Louis is that too many of its moneyed people are chary of investments in manufacture. They like speculation in land or in franchises or stocks better than creative and developing investment. They can build up the city and their own greater fortune if they will only use their money to the end of gratifying the wants of the people in the region to the

Southwest. To this proposition the attention of all those who have been making quick and profitable returns in St. Louis realty is invited.

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Mr. Stewart's Resignation.

GOVERNOR FOLK is reported to have asked for the resignation of Mr. A. C. Stewart as President of the Police Board, but it is not credible that Mr. Stewart would neglect such a chance to get out of an uncomfortable place. Mr. Stewart is not the man to stay where he is not wanted by the man who put him there.

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Narrow Escape.

MR. JOHN F. STEVENS, the new chief engineer of the Panama Canal, was, through his appointment to that place, saved from a tougher job. The St. Louis Terminal Commission had just decided to engage him as an expert to elucidate the problem of the bridge arbitrary here.

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Small Cotton Crop.

SOMEBODY is going to be bumped in the cotton market. The short-crop story is being worked for all it is worth. After all the scandal about doctor-ed reports on the yield the public should be shy of the game. Probably the supply will be short, but the sharps in the market are too active to justify any outsiders in going in big.

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A Police Shake-Up

Gov. FOLK is said to be terribly "sot" in his determination to have a shake-up of the police force, and especially of the detective branch thereof. He has the idea that a new deal is necessary in order to secure other than a most friendly attention to certain forms of minor gambling by special officers. Mr. Folk will have his way. A Police Commissioner will probably be called upon to resign, and it won't be Mr. Hanlon. Certain Folk partisans out in the State are said to want a representative in the chieftaincy. There are strong ex-Confederate friends of Folk who have relatives in the department in line for promotion, and there are others who don't think it looks well to have Folk holding over the present Chief, who was close to the old regime. This is the situation. The MIRROR believes Gov. Folk will make a mistake if he consents to the shelving of Chief Kiely, but the Governor is right in suspecting that the present majority in the Police Board is not friendly to him. Mayor Wells and Mr. Hanlon and Mr. Blong vote together, and Mr. Blong's associations are such as to render him anything but sympathetic towards the suppression of certain forms of gaming profitable to his friends.

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Absent Auditors

THE severest criticism upon President Roosevelt's much lauded Harvard commencement address was one line at the end of the New York Sun's editorial upon that utterance: "But Loomis should have heard the Harvard address." It would not be supererogatory to add: "And Morton, too."

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The Astor Feud

SOUND the loud timbrel! The Astor feud has been made up. King Edward has made peace. The feud began with the death of William Waldorf Astor's mother, widow of the second John Jacob Astor. William Waldorf, Sr., declared that the social leadership of New York should descend to his own wife and not to Mrs. William Astor, widow of his father's younger brother. Mrs. Astor was supported by society in New York. The climax came in 1890, when William Waldorf Astor transferred his allegiance to the British crown. Now, Mrs. Waldorf Astor,

having been dead some years, Mrs. William is entitled to be the Mrs. Astor. What an important affair! It may bring William Waldorf back to America to live! He may come back and formulate a scheme of aristocracy for us, based on his English experience. We need something of the sort. Our aristocracy is on the bum.

❖❖

Mitchell Convicted.

SENATOR JOHN HIPPLE MITCHELL of Oregon has been convicted of land frauds by the most convincing evidence. But Mitchell has a chance of escape on technicalities, or at least of a delay in serving time, like Burton of Kansas. Mitchell is an old man with a highly speckled past and noblemen for sons-in-law. His retribution has been slow in coming, but it's here.

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That Lewis Bank

It is taking the postal authorities an unconscionable length of time to decide whether a fraud order shall issue against the use of the mails in the exploitation of Mr. E. G. Lewis' People's United States Bank. If the scheme is all right Mr. Lewis should be promptly given the benefit of a clean bill of health; if not, the order should issue, before all the loose cash of the country's "suckers" has been gathered in by Mr. Lewis.

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Lady Muderesses

FOUR American women—Mrs. Kate Edwards, Mrs. Mary Mabel Rogers, Mrs. Anna Valentine, and Mrs. Agnes Meyers—are under sentence of death for murder. Each murder was marked by details of peculiarly treacherous and fiendish atrocity. Each was done for "love." A whine goes up for the pardon of each one of the women, because she is a woman, for no other reason. Because these creatures are women they should be hanged. Their crime is the greater, the more revolting. Being women, they are possibly mothers. Very well; stop the breed.

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Incense

By May Doney

O H! the bosom of the morning is an altar to the Lord!

See the incense of its prayer spiring up the early air!

All the moorland hearths are smoking up to Heaven with one accord,
And the smell of new-lit peat
Rises sweet.

Hush! the stillness of the darkness to the silence of the light

Has been changing, and the peace scarcely suffereth decrease,

As the sun above the little darling hills burns into sight,

And the world wakes to obey

Simple day.

Under every roof a woman tends the hearth-place on her knees,—

Each a priestess of the white dawn of duties after night,—

Kindling home's fire ere she passeth on to labor's ministries,

And sets out the hallowed

Daily bread.

Every chimney is a censer in the chancel of the sun,

Sending up the cloudy spice of its humble sacrifice,

Till the hour grows consecrated with the myrrh of work begun,

While a lark drops down the calm

Morning's psalm.

Kindly Caricatures

(7.) Rolla Wells

SCRUPULOUSLY honest is our Mayor, Rolla Wells, and as dull as he is honest, and as stubborn as he is dull. He has a rare mind for the small thing, and an intense reverence for formula. His respectability is formidable in its stolidity and his intelligence is strictly limited to adherence to the sanctity of the commonplace. Born wealthy, he remains so, and, without being a snob, he worships as worth whatever is glamoured with gold. He has the eminent commercial morality of the Noonday and St. Louis clubs, which wouldn't do a wrong thing that was strictly dangerous, but will stand for anything that may be done in behalf of the business interests. Mr. Wells is in favor of good government, but he will take the office that is offered him as the result of a stolen election. He despises and scorns a vulgar political boss, but he prides himself upon representing the business interests, franchise and others, that have been built up on the boodling of vulgar bosses. Our Mayor is a clean man, perched on the dirt that was done for him at two primaries and elections. The vice of him is all vicarious—others did the dirt; he paid for it, or his friends did, politically or otherwise. As an executive his efficiency consists mainly in devotion to a mechanical routine, a devotion showing his mental weakness of not daring to get out of a groove. He abhors brilliancy. He adores the automaton. Not an unkind man, he is, nevertheless, a very slave to his prejudices, and while he is the victim of a ridiculous solemnity, he is not, under the surface, lacking in geniality. The poor fellow seems to be tremendously oppressed by himself, and the observer of the way in which he pertinaciously plods at things feels that his position is graced by a sort of uncouth heroism and pathos. The Mayor is exceedingly orthodox on the business gospel. He never breaks away from business ideals, not even when he deals with the Jefferson Club. What business men think, or do, or want, must be right. They are *the* people. The rest of the people exist only to be exploited by private schemes under the cloak of public spirit. If Mayor Wells' sympathies ever stray from the successful and the reputable, no one knows it. His charity is small for anyone who cannot plead that his misdeeds are excusable on the ground of business necessity. He represents the whole, plain, common people of St. Louis about as much as Bob Ingersoll might have represented the Pope. His sense of humor is embryonic. His seriousness is almost immitigable, as an official. He doesn't see what he doesn't want to see, or hear what he doesn't want to hear. He is slow to move, not easily stirred to action. Sluggishness is his dominating note of character. He energizes thickly, and he thinks in venerable platitudes which he expresses in what has been called a cold-storage, ventriloquial, tenebrous chant. Chief Executive of the City of St. Louis, Rolla Wells is a perfect type of many good qualities of old St. Louis gone a little to seed. He dreads innovation. He is narrowly conformative to the rut in which things have moved for long. He is sure and safe within a limited scope of thought and action, but, take him away from a thing that is writ, cut him off from an established formula, and he throws up both hands and does nothing. Lacking initiative, he walks in beaten paths, and his utterances are always those of one who "says an undisputed thing in such a solemn way." His is all the virtue that lies in the methodical. He seems even to smile as if he had carefully practiced it. He is a man of one idea at a time; never a very big idea, but always tenaciously held. All his ideals and ideas are those of the *bourgeoisie*. A world in which people grow rich and have fine houses like his, and act pleas-

antly and keep themselves clean and never get caught doing anything that might not look well—that's the right kind of a world in Rolla Wells' opinion. Such people are the flower of civilization to him, and any thought or action tending to inconvenience them is "warfare on society." He is the sort of man who takes his religion, his politics, his morals from his bank. Caricaturist Bloch gives him to us just as the commentator sees him—the pigmy pomposity, the meticulousity of his vest, the curl of nose-wing that is either an incipient sneer or the evidence of a scent of a zephyr from the garbage on Chesley Island, his leaning back as if he would not touch the mob, his loggy *hauteur* which may possibly flash into action. Caricaturist Bloch sees Wells not a little as Wells sees himself, but also with the outsider's view. The caricature makes plain how banal mere respectability may be, how dead and how deadening, a sort of soporific emanation coming therefrom to narcotize those within the range of its influence. A good man, yes, in a painfully mechanical fashion; a strong man, as a mule is strong; a brave man, with a Bourbon invincibility of allegiance to the obvious; a man of an intelligence inelastic and strictly, uncompromisingly limited to the apprehension of the unoriginal; a man deeply, darkly, dismally uncomprehensive in perceptive. Yet he's a "good Mayor." His mediocrity amounts almost to genius. Here you have him, a fanatic of small truth, a hopeless specimen of that worthiness which never errs because it never ventures away from Philistine ethics, the morals of appearances rather than substance, the worship of the woodenest cult of reputability, and may the Lord have mercy upon his pale simulacrum of an infoming soul.

The Letters of Lucifer

(7) To An Editor

Dear Sir:

HAVING invited comment and suggestion in your "letter box" department, I take advantage of the opportunity to address you. Time was when to be editor of a metropolitan daily in a Northern or Eastern city meant a position of public responsibility. The editor himself usually owned the paper, or a controlling interest in it. His personality was a vigorous and intellectual one. Many of the editorials were written with his own hand; and the policy of his paper was determined by his conscience alone.

His name was known the country over, and not merely individuals, but entire communities were vitally influenced by the editorial utterances of his paper. Whatever his political creed, he did not stoop to libel or slander in answering or denouncing opponents. His standard of morality did not include one brand for his news columns and editorial statements, and a radically different one for his advertising pages. He was courageous, honest, consistent and able; an accepted censor of public morals, and in private life a man respected and honored.

With rare exceptions the type has disappeared.

Times change, and men change with them. As competition became fiercer among the newspapers in large cities, the sense of public responsibility gave way to a desire for private power and gain. An unselfish class of editorial writing was impossible under such conditions. The problem then resolved itself into how best to use the editor's vantage-point for individual benefit, and at the same time profess a concern for the public welfare.

Selfishness, with its attendant train of hypocrisy, falsehood, and cowardice, usurped the editorial tripod, and ruled the paper's policy. Under such a system, thinking men were disgusted, and the influ-

ence of the great dailies was, and is, reduced to a minimum. They appeal now only to the ignorant, the blindly prejudiced, or the fanatical. Beyond his own city the editor is unknown, save to some few journalists in outside districts. His occupation is gone; his supposed influence is a laughing-stock, his paper has degenerated to a mere money-making machine, and he himself has been discredited and shorn of his former importance. The glory of Ichabod has departed.

The responsibility for this state of affairs rests with those individuals or corporations who own and control these papers, and not with the editors. An overwhelming majority of the editors of such papers are men of brains and capability, but they do not and dare not interfere with the plans of the powers that be. Not one editor in a score on the large dailies dictates the policy of the paper he is connected with. He is absolutely under the thumb of the owner or owners. He is merely an instrument; a means to an end; a journalistic puppet and a scribbling automaton.

The editor nowadays revises copy written by the editorial staff, blue-penciling, or eliminating everything which might offend the large advertisers, or interfere with the owner's private monetary schemes. This reduces his task to a dollars and cents basis that makes it disgustingly simple. If a political editorial is to be written, it must be with an eye to the personal animus of the owner; and no insinuation short of actual libel is spared. Often the grossest slanders are scattered broad-cast. Some papers adopt a regular plan of indiscriminate libel to attain their ends, knowing the means of redress by way of the courts are almost interminable, and hiring lawyers by the year to defend such suits.

You will observe in the beginning of this communication that I limit my remarks to the Northern and Eastern press. I do this in justice to the South and the West. Largely in the far West—not the Middle-West—and universally in the South, a man's character or a woman's honor is as safe as the grave can make it; since an editor must be prepared to justify statements reflecting on either even to the death. And rightly so.

You, my dear sir, are the editor of one of our principal dailies. On your editorial page I read with sardonic reflection your denunciation of the evils of race-track gambling. By turning to the glaring so-called sporting sheet of the same edition one can read, if he chooses, an entire page of direction as to the best horses to lay wagers on, both in this and other cities. Your "form sheet" prophecies simply pander to the evil, and publicly, at that.

"Consistency's a jewel!"

You deplore the cigarette habit, and you would laugh at the idea of rejecting the advertisements of any make of cigarettes. You fulminate against vice and the ruin of young girls, yet you print suspicious "personals" and the advertisements of quack doctors of the lowest type; and nostrums for the taking of life in the womb. You give a line to morality in an editorial paragraph, and columns to the salacious recital of topics which belong to the sporting publications found in the barber-shops and bagnios. You sermonize on political purity, yet pull underground wires to secure enormous money advantages for your paper through political municipal boards. You prate of the wickedness of gambling, yet on receiving a "tip" from a Board of Trade operator who wishes to curry favor, you instantly invest and make a handsome profit by "an operation in stocks"—that is to say—by gambling in futures. You libel by wholesale and you retract by retail.

Your counting-room controls your editorial page, while as for conscience, that is a relic of barbarism with you.

Can you wonder, then, that men have learned to despise the paper on which you are simply a tool?

That they look upon your sheet with contempt unmitigated!

It is true you can plead you are no worse than the rest; that when one is in Rome one should do as the Romans do; and that needs must when the devil drives. These, indeed, are your only valid excuses,

and with them I will leave you.

But the passing of the old-time editor and the honest newspaper is to be keenly regretted. It is a sinister reminder of the spirit of the times, which has too often substituted money for men, and cynicism for conscience. Yours, LUCIFER.

Mr. Hitchcock's Fight for the Indians

By Talequah

ST. LOUIS business interests are somewhat concerned over a possible loss of trade in the Indian Territory because of numerous rulings made by Secretary Hitchcock of the Interior Department. These rulings are very distasteful to the business men of the Territory. Secretary Hitchcock is a St. Louis man, and because of his residence here, rivals for the large and almost exclusive trade St. Louis enjoys in the Territory, have tried to establish a boycott on St. Louis. Kansas City is reported to be at the bottom of this move, but it is probable that Chicago is the more active factor in stirring up opposition to St. Louis among the business men who are affected by the Secretary's action. It is not to be denied that the business men in the Territory are greatly incensed at Secretary Hitchcock, but it does not appear reasonable that any considerable number of them will hold the business interests of St. Louis responsible for the official acts of a Cabinet member who happens to hail from this city. The noise that is being made comes almost exclusively from rivals for the St. Louis trade and their agents in the Territory. The "Chicago drummer" is "shooting off his mouth" against St. Louis in order to "get next" to the Territory merchant who sees black at sound of Hitchcock's name.

"The rulings of Secretary Hitchcock," said former Secretary of State Lesueur of Missouri, who is now running a national bank at Antlers, I. T., "are practically all against the business interests of the Territory."

Such is the general sentiment of business men in the Territory. But in spite of this sentiment, Mr. Hitchcock remains adamant, and it is now evident that his policy is indorsed by the President.

The two chief causes of complaint are the tribal tax and the general inability of white men to purchase land other than town lots. The tribal tax (one and one-half per cent), was imposed by the Indians on all business conducted by white men. It has been in dispute for more than two years, but will probably be paid subject to a decision of the United States Supreme Court. The business men of the Territory consider this tax an outrage, as the money will go directly into the pockets of the Indians. Secretary Hitchcock has said that it must be paid, and the President concurs.

All agree that present conditions in the Territory cannot last very long. The tribal forms of government are all on their last legs. To the government and the white men they are ridiculous. Neither respects them. The Territory swarms with white men, and one may travel many miles there without seeing an Indian. Congress, at its next session, may admit the territory as a State. If so, historians can then proceed to write the last chapter on Indian forms of government in the United States.

Undoubtedly Secretary Hitchcock believes that unless the Government constantly cares for the Indians they will soon become public charges. He believes that they are no match for the white men in the Territory, and that unless the government compels them to retain their land, a large per cent of them will soon be beggars. Most of them are indolent, and have no thought of the future. If permitted to do so, they would sell all their land to the first buyer and squan-

der the proceeds as rapidly as possible. Then who would care for them? Certainly not the whites in the Territory.

There is a pathetic side to the going of the Five Civilized Tribes. Originally these Indians were forced to give up their hunting grounds in the South and Middle West, and were practically driven into the Territory by the Government. Andrew Jackson was President at the time, and executed some of the tribal treaties. Formerly as a General in the United States army, he had almost annihilated the fighting force of the once powerful Creek Nation. Jackson knew the Indians, and he also knew the white men who knew the Indians. It was his idea that the Five Tribes should be located far beyond the pale of civilization, so as to prevent future trouble between them and the white man. With this idea in view, the Indian Territory was selected. The treaty between the government and the Creek Indians, after describing the bounds of their territory, says: "And these lands shall belong to the Creek Indians as long as water flows and grass grows." A trip through the Creek nation now will show how the government has kept faith with these Indians. The probabilities are that ten years hence it will be a hard matter to find a "full-blood" Creek who owns a foot of land.

To return to the original proposition, it was St. Louis and Missouri that developed the Indian Territory, and there is every reason why St. Louis should always command that trade. Sentiment, in obedience to the march of civilization, must be thrown to the winds. President Roosevelt and Mr. Hitchcock know this just as well as any resident of the Indian Territory. They are clearly seeking to save something for the Indian. They know that the dam the government built around the Indians cannot much longer withstand the white flood. Observing Indians know this also, and so does every white man who possesses any knowledge of the Territory. It is inevitable that the dam must soon burst and forever destroy the last relic of the red man, except a few place-names, in the land the government gave him. No doubt some of Mr. Hitchcock's ruling seem unreasonable and almost unbearable to the white men doing business in the Territory, but they will soon be swept away by the irresistible march of civilization, and then the white men will have everything to themselves. Meantime, St. Louis will not lose her trade there. She has lost nothing yet, and doubtless will do more business there this season than ever before.

"Der Uebermensch"

By H. G. Wells

IN the prehistoric period, even, man's mouth had ceased to be an instrument for grasping food; it is still growing less prehensile, his front teeth are smaller, his lips are thinner and less muscular; he has a new organ, a mandible not of irreparable tissue, but of bone and steel—a knife and fork. There is no reason why things should stop at the partial artificial division thus afforded; there

is every reason, on the contrary, to believe my statement that some cunning exterior mechanism will presently masticate and insalivate his dinner, relieve his diminishing salivary glands and teeth, and at last altogether abolish them.

Then, what is not needed disappears. What use is there for external ears, nose, and brow ridges now? The two latter once protected the eye from injury in conflict and in falls, but in these days we keep on our legs and are at peace. Directing his thoughts in this way, the reader may presently conjure up a dim, strange vision of the latter day face: "Eyes large, lustrous, beautiful, soulful; above them, no longer separated by rugged brow ridges, is the top of the head, a glistening, hairless dome, terete and beautiful; no craggy nose rises to disturb by its unmeaning shadows the symmetry of that calm face, no vestigial ears project; the mouth is a small, perfectly round aperture, toothless and gumless, jawless, unanimal, no futile emotions disturbing its roundness as it lies, like the harvest moon or the evening star in the wide firmament of the face." Such is the face the professor beholds in the future.

Of course, parallel modifications will also affect the body and limbs. "Every day so many hours and so much energy are required for digestion; a gross torpidity, a carnal lethargy, seizes on mortal men after dinner. This may and can be avoided. Man's knowledge of organic chemistry widens daily. Already he can supplement the gastric glands by artificial devices. Every doctor who administers physic implies that the bodily functions may be artificially superseded. We have pepsine, pancreatine, artificial gastric acid—I know not what like mixtures. Why, then, should not the stomach be ultimately superannuated altogether?"

"A man who could not only leave his dinner to

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be cooked, but also leave it to be masticated and digested, would have vast social advantages over his food-digesting fellow. This is, let me remind you here, the calmest, most passionless and scientific working out of the future forms of things from the data of the present."

Metropolitan Magazine.

The Complete Man

By H. A. Manning Foster

THERE are some types of unworldly character which the world readily understands or at least recognizes. The priest, the prophet, the physician—those who minister to the souls and to the bodies of men, even those who foretell woe and disaster are accepted as coming within the ordinary scheme of things. The reformer, to, and the fanatic, who force their violent opinion on unwilling ears, seem, after all, to fit into a niche prepared for them. They do not violate men's sense of fitness. Their occurrence has always been noted through the ages and the absence of them, rather than their presence, would seem abnormal.

Quite otherwise is it, however, with a type of character which does not readily command the world's attention and which, rare and precious as it is, seldom meets with understanding. The word "perfect" has come to be associated in men's minds with the possession of certain moral qualities. Completeness, therefore, rather than perfection, may more aptly express the type of character we would describe. The complete man—in whom no single gift, virtue or power exercises an unmusical predominance. He possesses what it is supposed to be the function of all higher education to impart, the just equipoise of all the faculties of the mind. Unlike the other types of character whom we have mentioned he does not catch the eye by breadth of color. He frequently passes for mediocrity. There is nothing about him to proclaim wherein he differs so absolutely from those others around him. He would never attract attention to himself at any time—not from any sense of sham modesty, but because he is painfully aware of just how little he stands for in the sum total of things. He aims at valuing everything at its eternal worth and with such an aim nothing can ever seem quite worth while. Towards others his attitude can never be either hostile or contemptuous. He views them with an unconscious tolerance that has in it no trace of patronage or superiority. To the superficial he appears frequently vacillating or weak. The "other side" of the question is always painfully apparent to him. Nothing to him is ever wholly right or wholly wrong. The spirit of the hot partisan is quite foreign from him. He cannot give unqualified allegiance to any creed or system less elastic than life itself. And yet his conduct is marked by an integrity, a singleness of purpose that baffle other people who read into it all kinds of hidden meanings. They cannot fathom the depths of this crystal-like nature.

Detached as he is from those around him he possesses a strange power of vision and clearness of insight. He knows how to estimate at their proper worth those fleeting vanities that seem to others so desirable. And this habit of mind, which in him is an instinct arising from the absolute true proportion of his mental gifts, makes him at times appear almost unreal. He is not underlined anywhere. Everyone else is.

Such a character as here depicted will never take the world by storm. He cannot voice the people's passions or prejudices. He cannot lead great movements or storm with the shriekers in the marketplace. But it is to him that the world unconsciously turns after the whirlwind of passion is past to lead it back to safety and sanity.

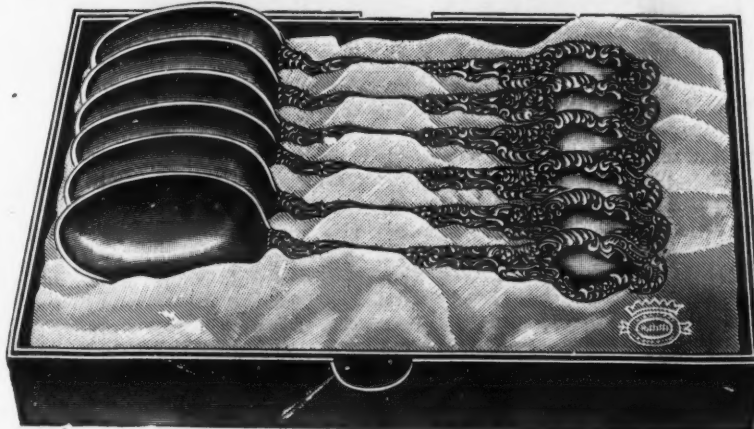
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And Satan Laughed

By Ludwig Jacobowski.

A RIPE blood orange dropped heavily down on Satan's head. He awoke from his slumber, glanced angrily upward, through the broad-crowned ferns, at the spreading branches of the orange tree, and arose yawning. The pellucid air vibrated in soothing waves of gentle warmth. The golden sunlight glimmered through narrow clefts in the leafy dome and showered dancing lights and shadows on Satan's dark curls. A few bold rays stole cautiously over his thin, pale face, his night-black eyes lightened in their brightness, to close into shadow again as he strode slowly across the yielding moss, unheeding the graceful ferns and dainty bluebells that broke beneath his heel.

He came at last to a broad meadow on the edge of the Garden of Eden, where Archangel Michael rested daily in the noonday heat. A broad plain stretched out before him, sprinkled with strange flowers, blue and red and yellow, and the merry gleam of golden sunrays swam over it. Cloudless the sky domed above it, and giant palms stood silent watch about its borders, to hold back the greedy winds, hungry for all the many-breathed sweetnesses within. Beyond, in a gentle hollow, flowed silver the clear rivers Gihon and Phrat, their low-murmured song so soft that only the strained ear could catch it.

Satan's hot eyes wandered anxiously along the endless rows of upright palms. At last, in the shade of a mighty spreading fan-top, he saw a slender figure shimmering white against the blackness of the trunk.

Satan was startled.

He stepped slowly onward, the fern-fans bending

beneath his stride. Infinite surprise shone out from his face. Before him stood a strange creature, tall and slender, but a tiny span shorter than himself. Its eyes were blue, and a flood of golden yellow hair poured over its shoulders.

It was Adam, whom the Lord had created while Satan slept. Calm was his glance, and his brow untroubled. Satan's mighty figure and the hot gleam of his darkly shining eyes aroused Adam's surprise, but God had breathed peace and content into his heart and Fear he knew not.

"Who art thou?" demanded Satan harshly.

"God's creature."

An ugly fold furrowed Satan's brow.

"Ah!"

God had then fulfilled His promise. Until now Satan had been lord supreme in Paradise. But his will was bent on destruction, and ruthlessly he tore down what the patient, busy hands of the angels had made so fair. They guided the waters of Gihon through Paradise—Satan rolled a great boulder in its way. They planted spreading palms—Satan's hands bent them down like slender twigs. Tiger and panther walked side by side to the cooling stream in peaceful content, but Satan lashed them on to tear one another until the red blood stained the azure of the field flowers. Then arose Archangel Michael before the throne of the Highest and prayed for help against the Destroyer. And Satan stood before God's throne with lip curled in scorn as God gave answer: "Let him go. No heavenly hand shall be lifted against him. But from the dust of the earth will I form a creature who shall be Lord of the Earth and obedient to me, not to him."

Adam's calm eyes still rested on Satan's pale features.

"Whom seekest thou here?" Satan's voice was sharp as a steel blade.

"God!" Adam's tones were gentle, his glance frank and calm.

"This is my realm."

"This is God's realm. Thou art not God, nor art thou the Archangel Michael. An ugly fold furrows thy brow, and thy glance is evil."

A treacherous flame flashed up in Satan's deep-set eyes. He felt the breath of God in the words of this creature, in whose eyes lay the strength of eternity. He grasped the tree trunk to tear it from its roots, but Adam's hand lay gently on the bark and the tree stood unyielding.

Satan paled. He knew that now he was no longer Lord of Earth and Paradise, for the trees refused to do his bidding. With sudden motion he turned and fled like a hunted thing over the sward, so lightly that the grass scarce bent beneath his hurrying feet.

Adam's eyes followed him until the tall figure was hidden by the towering dark green shrubbery. He could not see Satan throw himself down on the dew-sprinkled grass and beat his heaving breast with angry fists.

A calm step passing aroused Satan. He raised his head and saw the Archangel Michael.

"Stop!" he called.

Michael turned calmly. What did Satan, his bitter foe since the world's beginning, want with him? But when he looked into the deep, black eyes, glowing with mysterious fire, he knew that Satan had found Adam.

Satan breathed hotly.

"Thy power is passed, Satan. Not a blade of grass, not a drop of water more will do thy bidding. Adam is Lord of the Earth, and Adam is God's servant."

"He will die as the grass withers; he will perish as the raindrops vanish," scoffed Satan, with head held high. "Dust is Adam, and to dust he shall return."

"He shall," replied Michael gently; "but this day the Lord creates for him a woman, and Adam's race shall be perpetuated and shall endure throughout the ages."

"A woman!" It was almost a cry. Satan's head fell back, and his glance wandered hotly through the sun-bathed air.

The Archangel gazed astonished, and passed on with puzzled mien.

Once again the eternal sunshine shone over Paradise, and once again Satan wandered toward the open meadow.

Strange! It was not silent as before.

A rustling ran through grass and bush, the leaflets whispered and the treetops murmured in a gentle monotone, while the wavelets of the rivers hastened singing and laughing on their way.

Gay, painted butterflies flew in pairs over red and azure blossoms, through the ferns swarmed clouds of insects, and from the treetops rippled down the tender melody of the wooing nightingale's song.

Through the bright openings of the parting palm-shafts Satan's astonished eyes saw graceful deer hasten, following each other in ardent pursuit, and ever and anon the zephyrs trembled to the stag's wild love call.

Satan halted. Before him was a many-branched shrub which concealed him. And in its half-shade lay two figures in the grass, their eyes seeking each other's rapturous glances. Adam's blond head rested in Eve's lap; her one arm she had flung out over the grass, while the other hand gently caressed him.

Between her teeth she held the stem of a great fern, so that the branching greenness lay cool on her full white breast. In sweet fatigue her glances wandered aimlessly out into the glimmering, sun-filled ether.

Satan heard her speak:

"Bring water, I would drink."

Adam sprang up and hastened to the stream, bringing the cooling draught in a hollow leaf.

She drank lazily, unheeding Adam's rapturous eyes that followed each movement of her graceful young body.

"Fetch me fruit." She spoke again languidly.

Satan watched while Adam climbed the tallest tree and, bringing down a handful of luscious globes, laid them at her feet.

She bit into one, and threw it away.

"I do not like them," she said, and let her dainty head fall back until the dark hair streamed over her white shoulders.

"The grass is rough and the sun hot here," she murmured again, and again Adam rose and hurried to the far end of the meadow, to prepare a bed for her under the shade of a great fan-palm.

He tore up the thorny grasses, tugging at the great roots until the sweat poured down over his heated but happy face.

Eve lay motionless with lazy eyes.

Then Satan parted the twigs, and through the tangled green shone out his pale, sombre face. Eve saw him, and her glance hung charmed on his hot, gleaming eyes. She raised her head a little, and Satan nodded ever so slightly. She blushed, and the fern fell from her parted lips.

Satan plucked a rose from the bush and touched it with his lips. Then he tossed it to her, and it fell upon her rounding breast. With glowing cheeks she took the rose and raised it to her mouth.

"Whence hast thou the rose?" queried Adam, returning, panting, from his work.

"The wind wafted it to me," she breathed, blushing.

"Even Zephyr is kind to thee," smiled Adam. He knew not that falsehood had come into the world in Eve's first lie. "Wilt come with me now? I have made thee a soft bed in the cool green of the shadow."

"No," she answered, "I would stay here. Lie down beside me and sleep. The air is close, and thou must be weary."

And again Adam pillowed his head on her lap. She caressed him with gentle motion until he fell asleep. Then she raised her head and peered into the bush. Above the sleeper's head her eyes met Satan's, and low murmured words passed between them.

"To-morrow, then, at the Tree of Knowledge?" whispered Satan.

Eve smiled and nodded.

Satan arose in all his mighty height. His eyes shone and his lips murmured:

"Woman is mine, and therefore is the earth mine!"

And Satan laughed.

From the new monthly magazine, "Tales."

Blue Jay's Chatter

Dearest Wren:

A M perfectly heart-broken. Jack has gone to live in Detroit. Console your Jay-bird by the next outgoing steamer in a letter of large dimensions, for I shall certainly take to the woods and stay there. Jane, it's terrible, having no best young man around to take one to the Alps or driving or anything else nightly, and you know how fond I am of Jack, even if we do fight disgracefully most all the time. His going away may possibly interest you, as it is rather a queer thing—along business lines, with nothing social about it, my dear. You can just bet your French count that nothing would pull my darling Jack away from St. Louis but the most stringent kind of measures and these are them: Listen, my child, and you shall hear of the midnight—

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no, ducky, I'm not going to lurch into Logfellow, but am about to expose a horrible scandal. You know or I expect that it will be new news to you, that Jack holds an important position in that Arithme—Arithmom—Arith—something—I know it's got that much in it, but the rest I cannot spell, Janelets, owing to a real fizzical inability. Well, anyhow, Jack's company had their works down there on Morgan street, I think it was at the corner of Channing, right where the Suburban cars run by, a big long building, and it is unoccupied and For Lease signs all over it, for the Arithmom—has went, Jane.

Jack told me all about it the other night, before he left. He was detained in town several weeks after the company started over to Michigan and set up the works. It seems that the Arith. hadn't enough room down at this old corner, and they were making so many Ariths and doing so much business that they just had to have more space. So they applied to dear Mr. Wells or Mr. Mulvihill—who is having a terrible time about getting the policemen out into the county every Sunday, Jane—the cop on our beat says he never did care much for the suburbs, anyway. When I asked him why he didn't go and do his duty by arresting all those dreadful lid-openers across the limits—they seem to be the limit themselves, most of 'em—anyhow the Arith. crowd that I speak of, sent in a carefully worded note on pale blue stationery that they would please like to have a little more ground and permis-

sion to put a few more buildings. Their pale blue letter finally got to the Council—they're the City Fathers, Jane, because they're supposed to have a real parental interest in everything that goes on, dearest, when you want to build anything or enlarge your business or lay a switch—I mean a railroad switch, Jane, what a lot you have to learn, anyhow—you just go to the Fathers and say to them, "Papás, please hold this surplus amount of funds for awhile until we think we may need it, and if we find we don't need it for the present, just keep it for us little boys in your big strong box where we can know it's perfectly safe at any time, whether we ever see it again or not."

Isn't that nice, Jane, and so comforting to think that business men can be sure of somebody and some things. Well, as I said, the Arith. people went to see the Papas, and the Papas said "Well, boys, this looks pretty good to us and all right and as if the City of St. Louis must be growing and turning out a powerful lot of business this year. We like your style and we hope you'll do all that you say you will. But where is the pile you are going to leave in trust with us, so that we'll know that you are all on the upgrade, you know, and a real first class concern?"

Then they named a figger—you see, Jane, how easily I acquire financial terms—Father says I'm a wonder at that—only he says I acquire them in the wrong places, sometimes—and when Jack's management heard what the figger was, they just threw up their hands and yelled—"Come off your bloomin' perch," or something like that, and then stamped around and swore and acted awful. Jack said he never saw a madder lot of men. They went to see the Papas several times, and tried to talk for a lower sum, but it was no use. The City Papas were up, way up, high, and you have to meet them on the upper steps or not at all. So Jack's company went back to the office and held a secret session that lasted far into the night, Jane, and the quantity of cigars they consumed was frightful and the number of oaths they—ejaculated was equally so, and when the cold gray dawn of the morning after came creeping in, the way it never does for me, because I'm never there to see—nor you either, you lazy bones—they had formed a decision. Isn't that splendid and heroic, Jane? Just like the grand generals of old—and the decision was this: "We will not be upheld by the City Papas"—maybe it was held up, but I don't suppose that makes much difference, does it? We will not leave a single red cent of our valuable cash in their possession. We will pull up stakes and remove the whole bloomin' outfit." And by Captain Jinks, Jane, they did. Jack said it cost the company thirty thousand dollars to go to Detroit and put up their buildings, and you can just bet your eye teeth that in these days of close business, no company is going to spend that much money on moving day unless it costs more to stay and continue business at the old stand.

When I told Father what Jack said, though of course Jack made me promise not to tell a living soul, as it was all very secret like business always is, Jenny, darling, Father said the same thing happened not long ago when some sash and door company or bolt and screw company or some of those necessary but very noisy and tiresome things like that wanted a switch in their yard. I don't see what on earth anybody could possibly do with a switch in his yard, I know we have all we can tend to now, what with keeping the grass mowed and the flowerbeds weeded, and father insisted on our having a fountain this year—which is a sight. Jane—just a mud-puddle most of the time—well, this concern wanted the switch, and they found it would cost so much to get it through the Council—that's what you say, Jane, when you are up on the matter—you put it through—if you have money enough that you are willing to spend—but this company had the mon, only they wanted it to be spent on their own business and not to help

along on European trips and motor cars for the Papas—so they, too, moved—across the river to East St. Louis and by golly, Jane, it must have taken a pile of sand to move to that town—why, hardly anybody in our crowd has ever been there. I'm sure I never have been—except on going through to New York, you know, and things like that. Tom Wright once had to have his office over there for awhile and we all felt awfully sorry for him—the social life in East St. Louis is hardly up to the Westmoreland standard, Jane, and I guess the East St. Louisans offer up thanks every night that this is so. What do you think? Darling, do forgive me. Here I've dashed away on all this stupid business and never said a word about the things that you are dying to hear, I'm sure.

✧

Ruth Spencer is engaged, and to George Scott—the Scott that has been going with her all winter, as I wrote you, and doing the heavy act on theaters and automobiling—he is the only son of his mother, a rich widow at the Westmoreland Hotel—and is not at all a bad sort, so the men tell me. Socially he stacks up pretty well, and I like his rather dignified style—they have been engaged since Easter, so Ruth tells me, but have kept it very still—a girl thinks she is terribly smart when she can be engaged a whole month or two and not let even her dearest friend know. I'm rather vexed with Ruth. She might have told me anyway, I think. Ruth is the dreamy-eyed one, you remember, the other daughter's name is Louise. Both are very tall and slim, but not near so good-looking as their handsome pa. I almost think Corwin H. Spencer is the most elegant-looking man of his years in St. Louis. Neither of the girls has her father's affable way, either. They are rather fond of the Spencer money, I think, and don't care much for people who haven't piles of the cash. I don't know what's become of Harlowe Spencer of late, never see him. He must have "taken the veil," or a tumble to himself, or something. He was like Gene Handlan, always with a new girl nobody had ever seen before, but always a swell-looker, only Harlowe would let go of the coin, they say, while Gene is very prudent and always likes to stay in the background and be a sort of substitute for some other fellow more willing to let go of his dough. Last I heard of Gene, he was learning to be an auto-racer at Hot Springs under the tutelage of Barney Oldfield, and was doing the rival act with the ladies against that swell and smooth and soft-smiling St. Louis gambler, Jim Cunningham.

✧

Oh, Jane, you should have seen the picture of your old pal, Irene Catlin, the other morning in the *Globe-Democrat*. It was a caution, I can tell you. You couldn't tell whether Irene was coming or going, and she has the most pathetic pair of arms and most woeful slant to the shoulder blades that ever fell under my jet black orbs. Of course, it doesn't look any more like her in the face than you do, and if I was a prominent society girl, like she is, I would sue the paper for damages. Irene was bridesmaid at an English wedding of some excitement, Miss Amy Phipps to the Honorable Freddie Guest. He guest right the very first time, didn't he, Jane—forgive me, dearest, I know that pun is far-fetched; but—never mind. Irene and the Honorable Gwendolen Fiddlesticks and the Lady Mary Whatyousay, and a whole lot of dead swells like that were in the bunch—proud day for the Catlin Fine Cut, eh? Guess they like Irene's fine complexion—she always has looked more like an English girl than anything else—wouldn't be surprised if she picked up some strapping big English son of a peer this summer—she has outgrown St. Louis I do believe.

✧

The brides are all back—the young Paul Browns are doing great stunts this July. Father and Mother

Paul went to Europe and left the new house in their charge—and say, maybe they aren't giving champagne dinners and coaching parties to beat the band. Young Paul has a new coach that is a daisy, and he can drive some, too. They are out most every day tooling along the Park drives, and usually take a jolly crowd with them. Kittie is trying earnestly to look dignified and married-for-a-long-time, but it won't work, my goodness, no. She's the dearest little thing, and from present indications the honeymoon won't ever wear off. Tell you who's back and that's Maud Niedringhaus Young and wearing loose-fitting pougee coats, too, so that we kind of have an idea about "coming events," Jane. They spent the whole spring in the Sandwich Islands. And are now going to George's big ranch in Colorado to wait the interesting arrival. The Niedringhauses are all big-familied, Jane. I can quite fancy Maud the mother of seven. You know George Wallace, who married Fanita Hayward, the loveliest and most amiable of all the Hayward girls, has twins and singles and all sorts of interesting youngsters. I wonder what's become of Forence Hayward—never hear of her since the Fair.

✧

And still another bride, Mrs. A. Deane Cooper Moll, only now she writes it "Mrs. Ottmar Moll," I think. That's the most surprising marriage society has had in many a blue moon. Jane. Did I ever tell you about it? Yes, surely. You know Mrs. Moll was the widow Mrs. Cooper, for about two years, I guess, and she was so rich and so kind of likely to marry again that no sooner was the miserable Cooper episode quieted than even her friends began to fish around and pair her off. I used to hear stories that she was to marry Mr. Plant, Sam and Alby Plant Horton's father, you know, as he lived in the same block with her and society always likes to settle those things its own way, you know. Then she was reported as about to elope with another Plant family connection, the elder Mr. Ewing, and there was talk of Captain Corkery and Colonel William Bull and the Lord knows who all. Most of the aforesaid men she hardly knew by sight, so she told me one day but that's always how it goes—the less you know a person, according to Madame Grundy, the more likely you are to skip to Belleville with him. At all events, Mrs. Cooper did none of those things, and society finally let her alone in sheer boredom. When she did marry very quietly one morning, the young musician who was just the age of "Toddie," her son, and with whom she had played duets ever since she started the Rubinstein Club, and then took him off to Germany to give him a year of instruction under the best masters, you can just bet we all sat up and blinked our eyes. A whopping big romance right under our very noses, Jane, and not a soul with sense—or scent—enough to detect it. Mrs. Ashley Scott wrote to her mother way in the winter that she met the Molls one day "Unter der Linden" and that they looked supremely happy and contented with each other, and after noting a satisfied expression on the lady's face this afternoon in the street car, when she didn't know anybody was watching, I am inclined to agree, Jane. Another case of Lady Randolph Churchill, and that's a fact. They only happen about once a decade, though. Mrs. Moll has grown plump. She must have gained twenty pounds and she doesn't wear her hair in that stiff straight-back unbecoming way, nor effect such straight-laced and uncompromising clothes, either. She looked quite frilly and frivolous this afternoon. Nothing like the youthful notions to chirk one up, is there, Jenny? Moll and his bride came back to town so quietly that hardly a soul knows they are home—and I understand that they want to be retired all summer. They have opened the Washington Boulevard house, though I think the place would be perfectly hateful to Mrs. Moll and could hardly fail to strike the bridegroom with some degree of distaste. Perhaps they may build later.

Nugent's CLEARING SALE



SEMI-ANNUAL event anxiously looked for by our most intelligent women, who study time-economy and appreciate high-class merchandise (the only kind obtainable at Nugents). This sale now **under full headway**, will be a most aggressive effort to a total output of our vast stock, preparatory to breaking through our east wall, connecting with our new addition. **See daily papers for details.**

B. Nugent & Bro. Dry Goods Co.,

Broadway, Washington Ave.
and St. Charles Street.

A. Deane Cooper left pretty near a million, Jane, and it's all invested in cracker-jack renting property. I believe the property containing the bath-house in which he was so foully murdered with such obscene accompaniments of revelations still belongs to the estate.



Remember the youngest Lindsley boy—Aubrey by name? They all have kind of sentimental appellations, you know. He was married last Saturday to a Miss Peet, and the wedding, according to the prevailing style, when you live in a flat or a small house and aren't as rich as the groom's family, took place at the house of the McCormicks—Mrs. Tom McCormick is Aubrey's lovely sister, and they say she insisted on giving the wedding. They are a very devoted family, Jane, and the three sons, one is a doctor, De Courcey, Guy, the actor, and Aubrey, the youngest, just worship May, Mrs. McCormick. Aubrey and his bride are terribly young—and I hear the Lindsley family tried to persuade him to wait awhile until he had reached a few more years of discretion, though they entirely approved of the girl, who is said to be very pretty, but that was just what he wouldn't do, so the wedding came off as I have said. My goodness, the Lindsley boys have never made half the stir in St. Louis that May Lindsley Champlin McCormick did when she was the fascinating Widow Champlin. Remember that bijou house in Lindell and the jolly gang of fellows that used to hang out there—Sam Pierce, Mark Ewing and the rest? They all adored May and she could have married any one of them twice over if she wanted to. She drove the best looking horse-flesh in town, and always has, for that matter, and for the longest while was about the only woman who could sport a decent victoria or trap along Lindell. And her mint juleps were superfine, Jane. Champlin was frightfully rich—a Chicago broker—and he died suddenly of apoplexy or something, leaving every cent to her. They hadn't any children—and after she took off mourning there was nothing to do but have a good time. Tom McCormick—good-natured, big, lumbering Tom, hove in sight, two or three years ago, and the dainty May—she is about as big as a minute and very fragile and lovely in style—dresses up to the top-notch—toppled head over ears in love with him the first time they met. They have given up society completely, and go nowhere except to travel a good deal and now stick to a fine new house they have built in Berlin avenue. She is filling the house with fine pictures by the best European artists, and Arthur Kocian, of Noonan and

Kocian, is now over on your side helping her pick out some of the latest work of the Dutchmen.



Caroline Lackland has gone up to Weque—look out for amateur concerts for charity. If Caroline would only get down to brass tacks and study, her voice would be very good, but the way she uses it and strains it now is perfectly execrable to hear, and ruinous besides.



Mr. and Mrs. Rufe Taylor, speaking of the Lacklands, lost their baby, after it had lived but a day or so, and we are all terribly sorry for them.



I'm sending you last Sunday's *Republic* containing Lucy Stoughton's description of the new Lindell avenue home of the Rudy Limbergs. Note the gorgeosity of the adjectives. Such Sardanapalan splendor. Didn't think that Lucy could gush like that. Why not even Rosa K. Walker ever equalled that send off when she used to write up homes and then sell the home owners editions de luxe at \$250 or \$300 a set. Well, Ellie Limberg is a clever and jolly little woman who does scatter her money and make things pleasant for whole lots of people and not for people she wants to break in with either, and the send off is all, all right. But just think of *Sercna Lamb*, or Lucy Hosmer Stoughton getting the raving raptures.



I see that Frank J. Bergs has sailed for Europe on the *Kaiser Wilhelm der Grosse*. The Krausnicks, pretty Anna and all, are over there. I wonder if—but then I don't wonder. We shall see what we shall see. Don't know Frank Bergs? What? Why, he's almost but not quite, the Park von Wedelstaedt of the South Side. There now!



Everybody is getting out of town—and the Fourth house parties this year were very slim for that reason. Still there's some fun in town, if you keep your eyes open. Thus: She was an extremely pretty girl and she knew it. She had the usual trouble of dodging trucks and cabs when she crossed Broadway on a crowded afternoon. Every woman knows the trials and difficulties of taking an open car. When the right one comes along and she spies a seat and makes a dash for it, some driver will artfully pilot his wagon between her and the car and it means another wait. The pretty girl made several attempts to board the car she wanted and finally a look of determination settled on her pretty mouth and chin. Another car was coming, so was another wagon. Several women dashed out

with her for the car and then dashed back as the youthful driver of the wagon bore down on them with his usual whoop of warning. But the girl did not stir. She waited for the oncoming car and faced the truck driver. He yelled again and some of the women on the curb screamed. It surely seemed as though she would be run over, but she faced him down, and the young autocrat made a wide turn, which enabled her to take the car she wanted. With an angry look he said something which the bystanders on the curb did not hear, but as the girl swung easily into her seat she wrinkled her pretty nose at him and paralyzed her hearers by observing casually, "Aw, go to hell!"

BLUE JAY.



Meenaneary

By Stephen Gwynn

THERE'S some that love the mountain and some that love the sea,
But the brown, bubbling river is the dearest thing to me,
And sweeter than all waters in all the lands I know,
Is the stream by Meenaneary in the county of Mayo.

'Tis there the plunging torrents spread and slacken to a curl,
And in below the fern-clad rock the dimpled eddies swirl;
'Tis there in blue and silver mail the fresh-run salmon lie,
While overhead goes dancing the dainty-feathered fly.

Oh, to hear the reel go singing, to feel the rod a-strain!
But still the days are passing, and I'll be back again
To brush through dewy heather in the myrtle-scented air,
With the freshness of the morning it is then I will be there.

Here on the gritty pavement I'm pent in London town,
But on the smoke-grimed elm-trees yon swollen buds are brown—
And with the leaf's unfurling I'll say good-bye and go
To airy Meenaneary in the county of Mayo.

—From the *Spectator*

LETTERS FROM THE PEOPLE

DEAFENING JUSTICE.

St. Louis, June 28th, 1905.

To the Editor of THE MIRROR:

Those whose business takes them to the Court House have been complaining of the great amount of noise made by the street cars in that vicinity. There are times when it is next to impossible to transact business in some of the court rooms on this account. Every judge, lawyer or other person who transacts business at the Court House knows this to be a fact. On the west are the Broadway and Seventh street car lines; on the south the Laclede, Market and Eighteenth street lines; on the east the Fourth street, Chouteau avenue, all the Suburban cars going north, and the Eighteenth street and Spring avenue lines going the same way, and the Laclede line going south. On the north of the building the tracks are principally used for loop purposes during the busy hours. On three sides of the Court House there is a constant string of cars coming and going from 6 a. m. until midnight. The crossings seem to have been constructed with a view to making the most noise possible. Rails are loose, joints out of plumb, which, added to the general notion that street cars were built with a view to making as much noise as possible, renders conditions in the Court House almost intolerable. It is seldom that one can hear a witness unless seated very close to the witness stand. Judges, lawyers and jurymen are continually asking witnesses to talk louder so as to overcome the infernal din of the street cars. It does seem that something could be done to lessen this intolerable nuisance. To the casual observer, it has always been something of a mystery why a street car was so constructed as to make more noise than a freight train. Perhaps this is drawing the comparison a little too strong, but it is a fact that a switch engine can make up a freight train with as little noise as a similar number of street cars make in passing the Market and Fourth street or the Market and Broadway crossings. Some one has offered the suggestion that "square wheels," (meaning long used wheels), are the cause of the cars making so much unnecessary noise. If this is true, the street railway officials should provide all their cars with "round wheels" before the people about the Court House acquire a great variety of "wheels" as their personal belongings. Justice is blind, we know; we don't want her deaf, also.

LAWYER.

SORROWS OF THE COP.

St. Louis, June 30th, 1905.

To the Editor of THE MIRROR:

The Police Board of this city has decided that it will be impossible to divide the police force into three shifts of 8 or 9 hours each, or make any other change calculated to lessen the hours of service, unless the force is increased. One of the strong arguments used before the Legislature of 1899 in favor of

the present police law was that it would enable the department to divide the force into three shifts and thus lessen the hours of duty imposed upon policemen. The argument served its purpose at Jefferson City, and then nothing more was heard of it until here lately. The police bill authorized an enlarged force, and increased salaries all along the line. Neither the then President nor any of his associates on the Police Board made any attempt to carry out the promises made the Legislature about reducing the policemen's hours of duty. In this respect, the force is no better off than it was under the old law, requiring twelve hours on duty out of every twenty-four. The vacation allowed policemen is granted under an old law enacted years ago. It is often said that a policeman's job is a lazy one. That is only true in some cases. The policeman who walks his beat twelve hours every day has a harder job on his hands than those who spend eight or ten hours at intellectual or manual labor. There are not many city employees who put in on an average of eight hours a day, and some of them who draw big salaries do not average two hours a day. If anyone connected with the Police department neglected his duties like some of Mayor Wells' pets, who absent themselves from their places of business, he would be out of a job in less than ten days. There is no way that a policeman can dodge his duties without being caught. He must keep his nose right down on the grindstone. If he smokes a cigar or takes a glass of beer while walking his beat, off goes his head. Suppose the same rule was applied to city employees—wouldn't there be a war? But not criticising the discipline provided for the police force, it may in all truth be urged that the hours of duty exacted of policemen are too long. In the downtown district, in particular, the work of the policemen during daylight is exacting, laborious and incessant. Twelve hours of such work is too much to expect of any man. The Police Board has the power to increase the force and to compel the Municipal Assembly to appropriate money therefor; so if no change is made, the blame will rest upon the board.

PEELER.

ALL THE LAWS ON THE BOOKS.

Jefferson City, June 30th, 1905.

To the Editor of THE MIRROR:

In a long article on the meat trust in *Everybody's Magazine*, much credit is given the State of Missouri for a warfare waged on the packers at Kansas City several years ago by Attorney General Crow. The firms alleged to be in a combine were finally haled before the Supreme Court and fined \$5,000 each. The fines were paid, and that was the end of the matter. Since then, before then, and at the present time, State institutions have patronized firms of the combine that were adjudged guilty of violating the Missouri anti-trust law, and fined \$5,000 therefor. But a short time ago the Missouri penitentiary officials closed a contract for its

supply of meat from a firm that belongs to the big meat trust.

After the meat combine was fined, it advanced the price of meat in Missouri enough to make good its fines and expenses incident thereto many times over. Following this, the trust and the State officials seemed satisfied. Appointees of the Governor, as the heads of State institutions, became good patrons of the trust. There was no more

talk about "further prosecutions," and the incident had about been forgotten until the magazine referred to resurrected it.

But the anti-trust law is still a part of the statutes of Missouri. Its provisions have not been changed since the Kansas City packers were fined. It makes all combinations in restraint of trade unlawful. About five years ago the big fire insurance companies were

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519
LOCUST

fined something more than \$100,000 by the Missouri Supreme Court for forming a combine, and they were compelled to pay the fine. This suit, too, was instituted by Attorney General Crow.

If the object of this anti-trust law was to discover that it was constitutional, impose a few fines under it, and then allow it to become a dead letter, that point has been gained. Under such circumstances, Missouri would be deserving of more encomiums than the magazine writer bestowed. But meantime, the meat trust is not dead. It is doing more business right here in Missouri than ever. When the members of the trust were fined by the Supreme Court the combine was of far less consequence than it is to-day. Then it had not reached out after poultry, dairy products, fruit refrigerator shipping facilities, the cold storage business and many other commodities that it now controls, and makes the public pay dearly for such control. The newspapers, the federal courts and grand juries, the Interstate Commerce Commission and most of the politicians say this is true; so it must be true.

When Gov. Folk gets through enforcing the old Sunday law, which is so unpopular in many parts of the State, and has put the race track gamblers out of business, his attention will be directed to a good many laws on the Missouri statutes of more public concern than the Sunday law that are not being enforced. In addition to the immense operations of the meat trust, attention has already been called to the bucket-shops that are being operated in defiance of law in every town of any importance in the State; two or more railroads are operating coal mines in defiance of law; money sharks are swarming in the city and robbing helpless victims with immunity; the child-labor law has been violated every day since it was enacted; get-rich-quick concerns

make away with their booty and laugh at the State law; quack doctors have little fear of the law, and shyster lawyers fare better in St. Louis than in Chicago.

If Missouri is to have a reign of law-enforcement clear down the line from the little fellow who sells a glass of beer on Sunday to the meat trust magnates, times are going to be pretty lively in this State from now on, and Gov. Folk is going to be a busy man. He will not have much time to visit other States and make speeches. There will be enough work at home to keep him busy seven days out of each week.

In this connection it is proper to make some reference to Attorney General Hadley. He is the legal adviser of the State, and he has been much in evidence in the newspapers since he assumed his office. He has been standing pat with the Governor right along. Just now he is after the Standard Oil trust, and is making a good deal of newspaper talk. The last session of the Legislature a bill was passed giving him two assistants. One of his assistants, John Kennish, of Holt County, has long been rated among the ablest lawyers of the State. With this additional help the Attorney General will have much time to devote to making life a burden to the trusts and other violators of law, such as the bucket-shop combine. His predecessor succeeded in twisting the tails of the packers' trust, and the big insurance combine, so Mr. Hadley should endeavor to do equally as well, if not better.

Gov. Folk, however, must be alert if he is to make good his announced standard of official duty. It is his political creed that all laws must be enforced as long as they are on the statutes of the State. He must stand to this declaration, and he must act upon it, too, or his administration will fail.

STRICT CONSTRUCTIONIST.

MESSRS. FRANCISCUS AND WHYTE.

St. Louis, Mo., June 27, 1905.

To the Editor of THE MIRROR:

Why should Mayor Wells be so very much exercised about Dr. Simon of the Health Department not devoting his entire time to his official business? The Mayor does not seem to be so greatly exercised about City Treasurer Franciscus or Harbor Commissioner Whyte, who devote at least one-half their time to their real estate business. Very respectfully,

REAL ESTATE AGENT.

(Fact is, that the provision of the Charter referred to is obsolete. The city can't get really first-class men without other business interests to fill first class positions. The city pay is not big enough to make any man drop all other business to accept it. Mr. Franciscus and Mr. Whyte couldn't live on what the city pays them. The charge against Dr. Simon is raised solely because it is the only handle whereby to hoist him out of his place because he antagonized Mayor Wells' renomination. A man like Mr. Franciscus or Mr. Whyte does not necessarily neglect city business in attending to his own. But



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if Dr. Simon should be bounced for attending to his private practice, undoubtedly not only Mr. Franciscus and Mr. Whyte, but several other officials should be fired. The complaint is ridiculous, as to any fit official.—EDITOR MIRROR.)

PRAISE FROM SINGLE TAXERS.

St. Louis, Mo., June 30th, 1905.

To the Editor of THE MIRROR:

I have the honor to inform you that the St. Louis Single Tax League has unanimously adopted a resolution to express to you the appreciation of the League for your article entitled, "The Key to Wall Street and the Key to the Rights of Man," published in THE MIRROR of June 15th.

The happy choice of the title, the whole gist of the article, the lucid way in which you show the injustice of the present system of taxation, the clearness and sound logic of your arguments make what you wrote a most valuable addition to the arsenal of weapons with which to win the fight which all people who feel and think justly are waging against the present untenable state of things.

By publishing this splendid article you have joined the ranks of thinkers who, like Count Leo Tolstoi, Mark

Twain, Edwin Markham, Tom Johnson, Ernest Crosby, Wm Lloyd Garrison, Louis F. Post, Ella Wheeler Wilcox, Prof Adolf Wagner, Adolf Damaschke, etc., etc., who all regard the single tax as the panacea for the social ills of our time.

There can be no doubt in the mind of any intelligent, fair-minded man that the single tax idea offers the only solution for the great social questions of to-day. The doctrine of Henry George is bound to become the salvation of mankind, and to herald the glorious rising of the sun of justice initiating a new era in which the toiler shall enjoy the full fruits of his labor which, under the present system, are given to those who do not work.

When Jean Jacques Rousseau's word: "The fruits to all, and the land to nobody" becomes a reality; when man will recognize the truth of Henry George's word: "Property in land is as indefensible as property in man," then every human being will have a fair show on this earth where an all-loving father has provided ample living space for everyone of his children.

I remain, dear sir, respectfully yours.

M. P. STAHL,

Secretary St. Louis Single Tax League.



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TENTH AND OLIVE STS.

CUPID BALKED BY CADDIE

There was an evident reason why the Widow Topleigh should have missed Bluffly from the crowd of dangles always in attendance on her. He possessed wealth, leisure and the dignity of age, while the others were for the most part college youngsters, or, if older, as manifestly ineligible to a prudent woman. One of the indications that Mrs. Topleigh possessed prudence was her firm resolve not to become, should she risk a second venture into matrimony, a "young man's darling." Hence Mrs. Topleigh could never fathom the secession of Bluffly, for she had in many little ways made plain to him that she liked him very much.

Bluffly's first golfing with Mrs. Topleigh had been accidental—the casual pairing by the club secretary for a mixed foursome—but the subsequent rounds had been sought with confusion of mind and palpitation of heart. The earliest mixed foursome had been marked by a mishap—in swinging back to drive Bluffly had hit Mrs. Topleigh's arm a sharp blow with the club—and love had come into his life with the smile with which she accepted his excuses.

With each succeeding round of the course with Mrs. Topleigh Bluffly's heart beat with more force. He used to lie awake nights worrying about the affection for the widow that had come so suddenly into being and whether he would be wise to marry or not. After more than fifty years Bluffly was in sore perplexity over the troubles that might begin with marriage.

"Women, the best of them, are so selfish," would be his last conclusion each night. "I'll say good-bye to Mrs. Topleigh after breakfast to-morrow and go off yachting with the gang."

But at the greeting with the fascinating widow the resolution always faded into thin air. At the sparkle of her eyes and the warm handshake Bluffly would be a true gallant again. The "gang"—all married, by the way—had to put in their time at threesomes in the absence of Bluffly. They all thought without a doubt, that he would marry the widow and, not to be too modest about it, this is what the widow thought.

In the confidence of a conquest, Mrs. Topleigh quite unconsciously began to assume a proprietary interest in the rich bachelor. For one thing, she objected to Red Scrapple as their caddie that fateful afternoon at Willow Brook, but here she found an adamant firmness in Bluffly.

"Not have Red with us?" cried Bluffly in protest. "Why, he's the cleverest kid on the links—besides, he always caddies for me."

"Oh, very well," was Mrs. Topleigh's response. To Scrapple, who had always hid when he saw a woman or a poor player seeking a caddie, it was not "very well." He deemed it a condescension to carry in a mixed foursome, especially when he had to tote both bags.

The Willow Brook links had former-

ly been the Topleigh farm, and in a corner of the course was a little graveyard of the sort often to be met with in quiet country neighborhoods. A neat fence surrounded the plot, which now held only the Topleigh family vault. Should a ball be sliced into the plot from the tee it was always called "out of bounds," as a matter of course, and another ball dropped and played.

It was Bluffly's ill luck—or was it good luck?—to slice his drive from that tee. The ball soared in a graceful curve straight toward the clump of trees that shaded the old burial place.

The college boy who, with Miss Aire, was their opponent drove off with a screamer true to the line. Bluffly dropped a ball on the tee, and Mrs. Topleigh only drove it some eighty yards, into a bunker.

"This will make us one up, and with but one more to play it will be our match," shouted Miss Aire, thoughtlessly. "I'm sorry for you old folks."

How Mrs. Topleigh hated her for the speech! There was but one chance to save the hole.

"Perhaps the first ball is not out of bounds," suggested Bluffly.

"I will go over and see," exclaimed Mrs. Topleigh. "If it is inside, I will play it."

Off she hurried, Red Scrapple behind with the clubs, until the intervening bushes partially hid Mrs. Topleigh from the others, who were walking on slowly toward the bunker. Presently, from out the thicket, a ball came with splendid direction and only stopped on the putting green.

"Hurrah!" yelled Bluffly. "That will win the hole for us."

"It was just within bounds and I had a beautiful lie," explained Mrs. Topleigh, when she had rejoined the party. "I took my brassy to it."

Miss Aire messed her shot, so the college boy had to play the odd to gain the green. Mrs. Topleigh and Bluffly won the hole in 4 to 5, and as they halved the short one to follow they were the winners of the match.

"So sorry, dear," was Mrs. Topleigh's parting word with Miss Aire. "You look so warm and flustered, but a nap will freshen you up for dinner."

"A most remarkable recovery! Your shot from the rough undoubtedly won for us. Another woman would have been too rattled to make it." This and much more praise did Bluffly heap on the satisfied widow. He then and there screwed up his courage to the sticking point. "Meet me, won't you, in the conservatory after dinner?"

"Why, certainly, Mr. Bluffly," assented the widow in her sweetest voice, as she stepped into her carriage. What could the man mean?"

"Great shot that, eh?" continued Bluffly, still harping on the wonderful play, to Red Scrapple, as he took his clubs from that urchin.

"Yer talkin', but der yer wanten know how she did it?" asked the imp of mischief.

"She bangs me on der nut an' sez

she'll do me fer fair if I gives it away—but I'm no cheat."

The boy led Bluffly over the greensward to the thicket near the old graveyard. He pointed to a gap in the fence and to the divot cut out by Mrs. Topleigh in playing the shot from within the burial place.

"Der ball was teed up all right, but, say, she knew it was out er bounds."

The boy thought only of the golfing violation and of his desire to square for the many snubs from the widow. But Bluffly saw far more in the incident than the cheating. Cold shivers crept along his spine. The widow, in her eagerness to gain his approval, had played from the vault which held the body of her first husband.

"Red, here is \$10 for you," said Bluffly, in faint but positive tones. "I—I—am going away, at once, to my yacht. Tell my friends—you know who—to join me there. But not a word to Mrs. Topleigh."

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We intend inaugurating special sales to clean up broken lines of very desirable apparel. It is our purpose to treat fair with our public by not implying under the guise of clearing sale that all prices are cut, nor to offer inferior qualities bought for a sale purpose. Since the highest standard of apparel is maintained here always, therefore our price reductions have relatively greater value—the proof of this is in comparison, and we heartily invite it.

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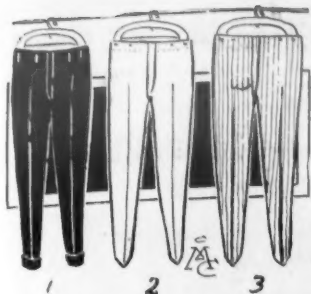
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THE BIOGRAPH

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THE TERROR'S NEOPHYTE

BY IVAN TURGENIEFF.

I see a huge building, in the front wall a narrow door, which is wide open; beyond it stretches a dismal darkness. Before the high threshold stands a girl—a Russian girl.

The impenetrable darkness is breathing frost, and with the icy breeze from the depth of the building a slow, hollow voice is coming.

"O! you who would cross the threshold, do you know what awaits you?"

"I know," answers the girl.

"Cold, hunger, hatred, derision, contempt, insults, prison, suffering, even death?"

"I know it."

"Complete isolation, alienation from all?"

"I know it. I am ready. I will bear all sorrow and miseries."

"Not only if inflicted by enemies, but by kindred and friends?"

"Yes, even by them."

"Well, are you ready for self-annihilation?"

"Yes."

"For anonymous selfannihilation? You shall die, and nobody—nobody shall know even whose memory is to be honored."

"I ask for neither gratitude nor pity. I ask for no renown."

"Are you ready for a crime?"

The girl bent her head. "I am ready even for a crime."

The voice paused awhile before renewing its questioning.

"Do you know," it said at last, "that you may lose your faith in what you now believe; that you may come to feel that you were mistaken, and have lost your young life in vain?"

"I know that also. Nevertheless I will enter."

"Enter then!"

The girl crossed the threshold, and a heavy curtain fell behind her.

"A fool!" gnashed someone outside.

"A saint!" answered a voice from somewhere.—From the *International Quarterly*.

"Russell Sage has a perspicuous mind," said a New York broker. "He can see through nearly everything. I doubt if he was ever duped on an investment yet."

"They say that two promoters once called on Mr. Sage to try and interest him in a certain scheme of theirs. They talked to the great financier about an hour. Then they took their leave, having been told that Mr. Sage's decision would be mailed to them in a few days."

"I believe we've got him," said the first promoter hopefully on the way up-town.

"I don't know," rejoined the other. "He seems very suspicious."

"Suspicious?" said the first. "What makes you think he was suspicious?"

"Didn't you notice," was the reply, "how he counted his fingers after I had shaken hands with him?"—*New Orleans States*.



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THE WIDOW AND THE MAID

BY IRENE CONNELL.

From Miss Estelle Emerson, at "The Lakes," to her dearest friend, Agatha Lande.

DEAREST AGATHA:—You must really forgive the delinquency of yours truly in the matter of letter writing. True, I promised an epistle immediately upon our arrival at The Lakes, but, dearest, if you only knew how much I have had to take up my time and attention, you would not blame me. This is the loveliest spot you can possibly imagine. We are located at a dear old-fashioned inn that accommodates only a few people; it is really like a house party rather than a collection of strangers at a hotel. There are the loveliest walks and drives, and we row, sail, fish, or ride horseback, just as we feel inclined. The evenings are most romantic. If you do not care to go out upon the beautiful moonlit water, you can sit on the veranda and listen to the ripple of the waves, or you can lounge by the blazing wood fire in the huge chimney place and hearken to the adventures of mine host in the early days when the woods were full of grizzlies. Now, I am going to whisper a little secret into your own particular ear,—mind, you repeat it to nobody as yet. There is a charming young man among the guests, a Mr. Lansing, from the South. He is quite devoted to somebody you know, a perfect gentleman, and said to be a millionaire and oh, so handsome. You know, Aggie, mamma is getting to be positively brutal. She is always reminding me that I am approaching my thirtieth birthday (though I do not look it), and that it is high time for me to settle down into an establishment of my own. But I have had such a jolly good time as a bachelor girl that I never could bear the idea of relinquishing my freedom, and to tell you the truth, ever since that silly school girl affair with Jack Cowles I have really hated men in general. But I am quite willing to overcome my prejudices in favor of Mr. Lansing, so don't be surprised, Ag-

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soul so dead
Who never to his wife has
said,

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Our illustrated talks on methods and management of Gas are well attended—you are cordially invited to attend—2:30 and 7:30 p. m., at Hellrung and Grimm, 1524 Cass Ave., July 3 and 5. Koch and Marten Hardware Store, 2245 Benton St., July 6th to 12th.



716 Locust Street

gie, if you should see my engagement announced in the society column. But, dearest, if it should come to pass, you shall be the first to have private and authentic information, and of course you shall be my first bridesmaid. I came near forgetting to tell you that there is a widow here, a Mrs. Chisholm, whom I detest. She is so worldly and bold, and makes no pretense of concealing the arts she practices on Mr. Lansing. I am sure, however, that he does not like her; in fact, he as much as told me so, otherwise I should regard her as a possible rival. Of course Mr. Lansing has to be polite to her; it would cause remark if he were not. There goes the first bell for dinner, so I must go and dress. No more at present from your
Estelle.

II.

Mrs. Laura Chisholm to her sister, Mrs. Glenn.

DEAR IDA: Well, here's that long promised letter at last, but you don't know how busy I've been. I have had two people to watch; one, a Mr. Lansing, a Southerner, good looking, nice age, and barrels of money. The other whom I have to keep hawk's eyes upon is a conceited minx of at least thirty, a Miss Emerson. The creature does nothing but make up to the aforesaid Mr. Lansing, and I am determined to block her game. Now you are to pack Olive's trunk and send her up here immediately. O, I know very well what you will say,—Olive is not out yet, that she is too young to travel alone, and all that. Well, no matter. I will take good care of her and see that she has a pleasant time, and you can surely find some one coming up this way who will chaperon her on the trip. Don't bother about clothes; she will only need her white gown and a few shirt waists. A young girl like her has no need of toilettes. Her simplicity will be her greatest

Taking the year through you spend but little on Paint, and can afford to buy it of best quality when you want it. Cheap paint is only a vexation. You will be sure to obtain good Paint, Varnishes, etc., from the Mound City Paint and Color Co., Nos. 811 and 813 North Sixth Street.

charm. I shall look for her in a day or two, so don't disappoint me.

Your affectionate sister,

Laura Chisholm.

Miss Olive Glenn to her mother.

DEAREST MAMA: Oh, it was too lovely of you to let me come up here upon Auntie's invitation. She is so good to me, and lets me have such a delightful time. You know this is my first outing away from you, and I was afraid I should be homesick, but you must not be offended, dear mama, if I tell you that the time just flies. We are at the old inn on the shore of The Lakes, and the people are simply delightful. We amuse ourselves by rowing, fishing, and riding, but the best of all are the evenings, the lake is so beau-

tiful. I wish I had some prettier dresses like Aunt Laura's, but of course there was no time to get anything ready, and I would not have missed the trip for worlds. There is a Miss Emerson here who has stunning gowns, but I think Auntie is more stylish. I don't think Miss Emerson is as nice as the other ladies who are here. She has a way of looking over your head, as if she did not see you, and she is positively nasty to Aunt Laura. There is a Mr. Lansing staying here who pays us a great deal of attention. Auntie never lets me go out alone, she says it would not be proper. She teases me a great deal about Mr. Lansing, and says that I have quite cut out Miss Emerson, but of course I know that is a good joke, as

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Miss Emerson has the loveliest dresses. I am quite a dowdy in comparison. Besides, Mr. Lansing must be quite ancient, thirty at least, although I admit he is handsome. Aunt Laura has just come in to tell me that Mr. Lansing had asked us out for a row, and I must go and get ready.

Your loving daughter,

Olive.

Extract from the society column of the *Daily Investigator*: Among the season's engagements we have the pleasure of announcing that of the beautiful Mrs. Laura Chisholm to Mr. Egbert Lansing, of Norfolk, Virginia. The prospective groom belongs to one of the oldest Southern families, and is a gentleman of wealth and culture. The engagement dates from the summer sojourn of the couple at The Lakes, where Mrs. Chisholm was chaperoning her lovely young niece, Miss Olive Glenn. The wedding is set for an early date. Mr. and Mrs. Lansing will make an extensive European tour before settling down on the family estates in Virginia.

♦ ♦ ♦

THE RIBBON GIRL

There's a ribbon for a collar;
There are ribbons in her hair;
'Tis a ribbon forms a girdle
Which she folds with greatest care.
She has frocks all trimmed with ribbons
Of attractive kinds and hues;
Decks her hats with ribbons jaunty,
And with ribbons ties her shoes.
All her lingerie is lovely,
With its ribbons run in lace;
And rosettes of dainty ribbon
Silken hose supporters grace.
And this girl so fond of ribbons
Surely will be fond of beaux;
She will marry and be happy—
Well, she may; one never knows.
She will carry bridal roses
With their yards of ribbon tied;
In a coach all white beribboned
To the train in state she'll ride.
When the honeymoon is over,
Then the artful little thing
Will proceed to tie her husband
To her ribbon apron string.

—Toilettes.

♦ ♦ ♦

Careless brewing methods are seldom visible to your eye or your taste—your health pays the bill. A. B. C. BOHEMIAN bottled beer is handled only through pure tin and copper pipes, and in lacquered vessels. Order from the American Brewing Co.

♦ ♦ ♦

Why is it that artists, literary people and others of unconventional habits are called Bohemians, and the places that they frequent Bohemia?

This Bohemia come by devolution from those Bohemians and has but the faintest thread to connect it with that kingdom which had St. John Nepomuk for its patron saint. An effort has been made to connect it with an entirely hypothetical club of bright spirits which used the tap room of Bohemia, a public house in London which bore the signboard of the Queen of Bohemia in honor of the Lady Elizabeth

Stuart, daughter of James I. More probably in some way untraced but easy to be imagined the literary use of Bohemian refers to the use of the word as an erroneous origin for gipsies. The French account for their word *Boheme* (or *Bohème*) of similar sense by reference to a chanson of Beranger on the gipsies. Larousse says that while the poet has in mind no analogy with the care-free life of poet or artist, such a comparison could not be long in being drawn. "A new signification," he says, "as singular as charming, was given to the word *Bohème*; it appeared for the first time, it seems to us, from the pen of George Sand, who finished her romance entitled the "Derniere Aldini" (1837), with the exclamation *Vive la Bohème!*"

♦ ♦ ♦

Mrs. Newlywed—I wonder why we are growing tired of each other.

Mr. Newlywed—I haven't an idea!
"Yes; maybe that is the reason."
Chicago Daily News.

♦ ♦ ♦

The reason some beer produces biliousness is because it is not aged properly or contains chemical preservatives. A. B. C. BOHEMIAN bottled beer is aged eight months and guaranteed to be absolutely pure. Order from the American Brewing Co.

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\$21.25 BALTIMORE AND RETURN. Sold July 2, 3, 4. Limit can be extended to August 31st.

\$24.35 ASBURY PARK, N. J., AND RETURN VIA NEW YORK. Sold June 29, 30, July 1, 2. Limit can be extended to Aug. 31.

\$31.85 ASBURY PARK AND RETURN VIA NORFOLK, VA., and OLD DOMINION LINE OCEAN STEAMERS. Includes meals and berths between Norfolk and New York both ways.

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The Foremost Ladies' Clothiers

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We Are Ready for You. 311 North Broadway. Catalogue now ready.

Special Sale This Week of Men's and Ladies' Tan Oxfords \$3.50 and \$4 Grades Cut to \$2.50.

Swope's

311 N. BROADWAY

One of the most important features worthy of mention among stock and bond brokers in the past week is the removal of the Altheimer and Rawlings Investment Co. to their recently purchased building, 204 North Broadway, which was formerly occupied by the American Exchange Bank. The officers of the above institution, which are Ben Altheimer, president; E. W. Rawlings, vice president and Herman C. Stifel, treasurer, are experts in the speculating line.

THEATRICALS

Col. John D. Hopkins has assembled holiday talent for his Fourth of July week bill, headed by Lew Hawkins. Hawkins, his jokes and songs never grow old, and his personality never wanes. Quite excellent is the Ellis-Nowlan trio, in comic jugglery. The Mexican trio is something new in this part of the country, and quite up-to-date as entertainers. Clivette, the necromancer, has taught himself new tricks since he was here last, and Sylvester, Jones and Pringle are clever talkers. On the outside of the grounds the balloon ascensions of Prof. Lolo and Mlle. Theresa are proving an alluring feature. This pair of air sailors have never been seen here before.

Next week's bill is headed by Henry French, the juggler, who is new at the Highlands. It is said that he stand at the top of his profession. The other attractions will be Jack Norworth, delightful Louise Dresser, Pierce and Roslyn, Polk and Kollins and another set of pictures for the biograph.

THE ALPS CONCERT

John Lund and his fifty St. Louis instrumentalists are doing increasingly good work at the Tyrolean Alps on the World's Fair grounds. The programs offered from night to night are of a kind to meet the wishes of all sorts and conditions of summer amusement seekers. Mr. Lund's Monday request night offerings reflect the prevailing taste to a hitherto unexploited extent. Judging from them rag-time, so-called, is a thing of the past, and the old masters of comic opera, Offenbach, Millbecker, Audran, Czibulka, Strauss, Suppe and the rest, with a comfortable addition of the best of the moderns, our own Victor Herbert, are having a new lease of popularity. This week the singing of Miss Katherine Sherwood is much admired. The young woman has a beautiful soprano that is heard without effort on her part in all parts of the wide plaza, where she sings with the orchestra. Simple as are her offerings, a group of Scotch songs, the Last Rose, Annie Laurie, etc., she sings them most effectively and is aided in her endeavor by the thoroughly good accompaniments directed by Mr. Lund. The management has under advisement a series of changes that will further conduce to the comfort of the patronage and not the least of these is to make the big banquet hall more quickly available in case of adverse weather. That fine enclosure may, under the present management, be put to permanent uses of large dimensions if the undertakings now mapped out receive the support in certain quarters to which they are entitled. For next week the solo artist is Mme. Jessie Liddell Harkrader of New York, a contralto, of whose ability as a vocalist the best reports have come to hand. The management has made arrangements for soloists for every one of the remaining weeks of the summer season. Most of these artists are from New York and all of them have been heard to advantage in all the large cities of the East.

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NATURAL brewing and aging methods and finest barley and imported Bohemian hops. Order from the American Brewing Co.

REMAKING FRENCH PLAYS

It has been whispered during recent seasons that the French dramatists who are casting envious eyes on the American market were trying to modify the Gallic spirit of their plays by a marked deference to American taste. This is a nation of theater-goers. Our royalties to the dramatists that please us are larger than any other country pays. The French authors lately have seen themselves cut off from all this profit because our audiences either will not or cannot enjoy their intimate studies of French marital life. The task of pleasing both Paris and America is difficult. The Frenchmen are trying to do it by preparing their plays with two endings.

In the version intended for American consumption the wicked are, of course, properly punished, while the good are rewarded as their rectitude deserves. Wives are restored to their husbands and not to other persons they may have preferred. This system of adjustable endings supplied by the author himself will undoubtedly work better than the method formerly pursued by the adapter. It was the adapter's task in the past to convert into simple flirtation what may have been much more serious intrigue. It was his function to see that at the close of the play there was no spot of any kind on the characters supposed to possess the sympathy of the audience. It was through some such intermediary as this that in the story of "Marguerite Gautier," when Henry James for the first time saw Dumas' play years ago in Boston, the two lovers were vaguely described as engaged. These subterfuges never deceived any but the most ingenuous; but proper respect was shown for the moralities.

It will be better to have the plays come straight from the original writers with their two endings already made, one to serve for the sophisticated aud-

iences of the boulevards and the other adapted to our tastes and sympathies here in America. One advantage of this method has already been demonstrated in Paris.

One of the French dramatists, who has seen his plays fail here on account of their intensely local character, decided that he would attempt to write a play keeping his American audiences in mind throughout the drama and preparing a conclusion that would suit their ideas. It was acted the other day for the first time. Having been written primarily for the Parisians, its subject is similar to many that inspire his colleagues, although the treatment is different. It was made with the American market in view in the background, and as a result of this novel plan the play is so innocuous that it might almost be enacted at the famous White Theater organized several years ago for young French girls to whom the repertoire of the regular playhouses was forbidden. This drama, prepared with the American stage in view, has been the most successful of the season in Paris.

Although it was written for us, and consequently is free from the lements that would not be tolerated here, it was not found to be crude, childish or hypocritical. It was, indeed, highly praised, and promises to achieve the unique distinction of equal success here and in Paris. Thus does the influence of the American royalties help to improve the morals of the boulevard.—*New York Sun.*

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AN ANSWERING SILENCE

Young ladies with a fondness for infantile admirers should be warned by an episode at a seaside resort last summer.

An engaging masculine of seven years became on exceedingly good terms with the belle of their particular hotel, a girl about twenty years his senior. One day the charmer asked the swain to go bathing, and after the bath, as they returned to their bathhouses, the small man suggested a race to see who could dress first. They entered the bathhouses, which adjoined, and in a short time a youthful treble called, "Miss Ethel, oh, Miss Ethel, I've got my stocking on."

A low contralto answered, "Yes, Robbie, so have I."

After a short pause the irrepressible again called, "Miss Ethel, I've got my shoes on."

Again came the answer, "Yes dear, so have I."

Again a pause—then a triumphant voice shrilly proclaimed, "Miss Ethel, I've got my pants on."

The answering silence was oppressive.—*Lippincott's.*

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thinking about her the whole time. I was afraid she would come before I had finished them.—*The Wasp.*

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THE STOCK MARKET

The past week's market in Wall Street was a thoroughly manipulated affair. Diligent efforts were made to interest and attract the public, to create or spread the impression that investors were the mainstay of the market. As on all similar occasions of the past, the leaders of the bull cliques selected stocks classified among the "investment" issues to hoodwink outsiders with. The manipulators know only too well that the public can readily be duped with skillfully arranged exploits in high-priced issues susceptible to stock-jobbing methods and apt to run up from 5 to 10 points in as many minutes, because they are so closely and tenaciously held.

Reading common was advanced to above par, for the first time in its history. The shares are now considered to be on a firm 4 per cent dividend basis. They can be manipulated and jack-screwed almost as easily as Northwestern common or preferred. The anthracite coal issues have been the pets of bull proteges for ever so many months, owing to the temporary prosperity of the coal trade, which is certainly being worked for all it's worth. This prosperity is admittedly remarkable, and it is almost impossible to believe that it will ever again be succeeded by such a period of intense, disastrous depression as was the one we emerged from in 1898. Yet, who knows? The person who to-day buys an anthracite coal stock in confident expectation of uninterrupted dividend payments will, no doubt, meet with considerable disappointment, though he may not have to face such a grave turn in affairs as did Reading stockholders some eight years ago. For the present, these coal shares offer special inducements to speculatively inclined investors, Reading, Ontario and Erie especially. The last named two should be hummers before the lapse of a great while.

The last issue of the *Iron Age* contains words of comment which are not particularly to the liking of enthusiastic bulls on steel shares, or confirmatory of the more optimistic news lately emanating from the iron districts.

Referring to pig iron, that trade journal says: "The buying movement has not yet set in. How much longer it can be postponed is the question. Many consumers are pretty well covered, the furnaces being correspondingly booked. Still, pig iron is accumulating at the furnace banks, and the demand for pig iron, for steel-making purposes in particular, in the Central West is light. The statement is systematically made, by the highest authority, that the leading interest needs no outside iron for July, reports from other sources to the contrary, notwithstanding." It may be added that expert opinion in Europe, in regard to the future of our iron and steel trade is not encouraging to us, and foreshadows lower prices. However, Wall Street, for reasons satisfactory to its own mind, is fully convinced that the future of the iron trade is assured for a long time to come and that United States Steel common will soon be paying dividends again. If sentiment alone could accomplish things in the economic world, the shares of the billion dollar steel trust would soon be converted into the choicest securities to be had anywhere in the civilized world.

The Atchison, T. & Santa Fe system has again come out with a monthly statement that, for a while, seemed to "knock" all the sanguine prophets on the company's shares. For May the increase in gross amounted \$506,000, while the increase in expenditures was \$548,000. This is not the sort of a statement needed by a clique which is striving with all its might to boost the quotation for the common stock to about 110. Neither does it bear out the highly colored words recently uttered by Atchison officials in connection with new capital issues. The Atchison is unquestionably a railroad system of great value but it seems to me that its capitalization is of such magnitude as to preclude anything like a grand bull movement for at least two years to come. The company must be given time to grow up with, or to, its present outstanding issues of bonds and stock.

The lately issued National Bank report showed that there has, in the past year, been virtually no change in the capital of New York's National Banks, and the increase in surplus and undivided profits aggregated less than \$5,000,000. During the same period, security holdings have enlarged about seven times as much. The figures of the entire National system prove still more thought-inviting. There are 5,668 National Banks. The increase in their capital stock, surplus and other profits, in the past year amounted to \$59,000,000, while holdings of securities showed a gain of \$103,000,000. The gain in security holdings, since November, 1903, aggregates \$153,000,000. These figures throw instruction side-lights upon the wave of liquidation which set in towards the latter part of 1902. The National Banks evidently made good use of the splendid opportunity which then,

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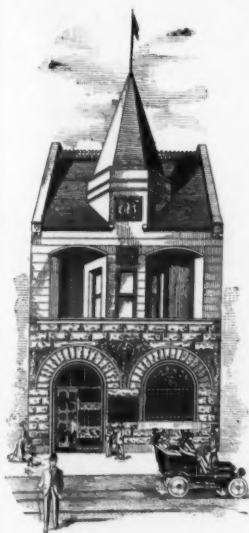
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and for some time after, presented itself for purchasing good investment securities at most reasonable prices, which holdings have since enormously enhanced in value.

About \$3,000,000 gold has been shipped to Paris from New York. These shipments were made possible on account of the weakness in sterling exchange rates at the French capital, induced by the withdrawal of French funds from London. Whether these withdrawals were incited by feelings of uneasiness in financial circles over the Morocco difficulties, or by a desire to prepare for fresh Japanese and Russian loans, is a debatable question. These gold shipments are made at a time when the gold holdings of the Bank of France aggregate \$568,000,000, a total which is \$18,000,000 above the level at which it stood when our gold shipments to France drew to a close last February. The Bank of France's gold holdings are now even by \$7,000,000 larger than they were a year ago, when they were increased so enormously by our shipments of \$76,500,000, most of which

went in payment of the Panama Canal. France's leading financial institution has been an insatiable drawer of gold in late years. In 1903, we supplied it with \$20,200,000, and between January 1st and February 9th, of the present year, with \$20,800,000. If New York were, or had been unable to furnish this large amount of gold, the Bank of England's rate of discount would be considerably higher than it is and London's speculative market been in dire stress and straits any number of times in the past four years.

The late advance in prices represented the usual July 1st discounting process. It will probably be followed by another period of listlessness, professional trading, and sagging or see-sawing prices, until political or financial or crop developments give an impetus for fresh bull or bear exertions.

+

LOCAL SECURITIES.

Nothing special occurred in the local financial situation to enliven trading or to increase inquiries from buyers. Trading was limited to very few issues,

and the price changes were therefore not noteworthy in any instance.

The stockholders of the new Mechanics-American National Bank will soon receive a dividend of two per cent, out of the profits of the institution for the two months it has done business since the consolidation. The shares must, therefore, be considered on a 12 per cent annual basis. They are quoted nominally, at 320 bid, 325 asked. The old Mechanics National also declared a second liquidation dividend of 7 per cent, making the total paid out so far 42 per cent.

The Jefferson Bank agreeably surprised its shareholders by declaring a quarterly dividend of 2 1-2 per cent on its capital stock, instead of the previously maintained rate of 2 per cent. This institution has had and still has a most prosperous career, something in no wise surprising, in view of its excellent management. The shares are quoted at 220 bid, none offered.

The July 1st dividend disbursements by the local financial institutions aggregated the handsome total of about \$720,000. The Bank of Commerce contributed the most to this sum by paying a quarterly rate of 4 per cent on its capital stock of \$7,000,000, or \$280,000 in all. The Mississippi Valley Trust Company contributed \$120,000, and the Commonwealth \$80,000.

The sixth annual report of the American Car and Foundry Company of special interest to St. Louisans, shows surplus earnings of \$528,117.63. The 7 per cent dividend on the preferred amounted to \$2,100,000. The surplus on hand on April 30, 1905, was \$12,755,434.27. This includes the last annual statement.

United Railways preferred is lower, selling at 80 1-4, while the common is quoted at 29 3-4 bid, 30 asked. For St. Louis and Suburban stock 80 is asked. The 4 per cent bonds are quoted at 87 1-2 bid, 87 3-4 asked.

St. Louis Brewing 6s are selling at 100 1-2, and Merchants Bridge 6s are quoted at 114 1/4 bid, 114 3/4 asked.

Exchange on New York is lower with 25 cents premium bid, 35 asked. Sterling is quoted at 4.87 1-2. Berlin exchange at 95.18, and Paris at 5.16 1/4. Money continues in fair demand.

ANSWERS TO INQUIRIES.

J. B. F., Warrensburg, Mo.—No increase in Missouri Pacific dividend to be looked for this year, and, probably, not in 1906, either. However, would advise holding stock for the present.

M. L., Fort Smith, Ark.—Expect Japanese bonds to decline some after the close of the war. Therefore would advise holding off, otherwise, consider them good investment.

R. J. D.—Would prefer holding St. Paul for a while. Brooklyn Rapid Transit regarded as a fair speculation. Would not care to buy it, however, at this time.

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R. L. MAUPIN, President.

HOME OFFICE: ST. LOUIS, MO.

J. A. NORTON, Secretary.

QUARTERLY FINANCIAL STATEMENT AT THE CLOSE OF BUSINESS JUNE 30, 1905.

ASSETS.		LIABILITIES.	
Missouri State Deposit	\$500,000.00	Capital Stock, Full Paid	\$125,000.00
Michigan State Deposit	8,056.50	Liabilities Accrued to Investors	464,493.10
Premiums on Stocks and Bonds	4,666.60	All Other Liabilities	191,217.35
Loans on Stocks, Bonds, etc.	140,735.55	Bills Payable—NONE.	
Mortgage Loans	100,528.65	Surplus Accrued Over Contract Liability	146,622.13
Stocks and Bonds	5,900.00		
Furniture and Fixtures	8,726.61		
Interest Accrued	13,593.53		
Cash in Banks and Trust Companies	145,125.14		
Total	\$927,332.58	Total	\$927,332.58

The Company's Savings Bonds pay 5% Interest Annually. Bonds sold on partial payments of One Dollar per week and over.
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HOW COME

Oh, dar's honey in de beegum,
But de bee he totes a sting.
De fiel'lark he is ood to eat,
But he got a lightnin' wing.
En look up hyander, possum dog,
How high de possum swing!

De husklebehs is cheap enough,
But dar's skeeters in de swamp;
En blackbehs—briers gits in yo' foot
'Mos' anyhow you stomp;
En whar de chicken roosties, dar
Is whar de bulldog camp.

How come, while dey was makin'
things,

Dey jis' got tar'd en quit it,
En wropped up uver' goody in
Some kyernal dat 'u'd fit it,
So wut a man bees hongry fer
He got to sweat to git it?

—Charlotte Observer.

NOT WHAT HE WANTED

"Lawyers have some queer experiences," said the Judge. "One of them was telling of a case heard before me. A young man had been arrested for larceny and he sent for this lawyer.

"The young fellow told the attorney that he was innocent, but that he had no friends in the city and no money. His mother, however, was in fair circumstances and he knew that she would help him. What he wanted the lawyer to do was to defend him and also send a telegram to his mother telling of his fix and asking for aid. The lawyer agreed to this and made such a good defense that the young man was acquitted.

"He and the attorney went direct to the telegraph office to which the message had been ordered sent and found it. The young man was so grateful to the lawyer that he handed him the unopened envelope, telling him that he must take all the money that his mother had telegraphed him. The lawyer tore open the yellow cover and his eyes were greeted with these words: 'Put

your trust in God. I am praying for you.
Mother."

REASON OF HIS FEAR

"There is a little town up on the coast that bears the name of Ocosta," remarked Jere T. Burke of the Southern Pacific law department while in a reminiscent mood yesterday afternoon. "It lies just back of Gray's Harbor and is the largest town in that neighborhood. However, that does not mean very much. I visited Ocosta a little while back, and while I was in town a certain fellow traded a town lot for a horse. After closing the deal the fellow that had acquired the horse hurriedly took the animal to a blacksmith shop and asked the blacksmith to shoe him in a hurry. The blacksmith seemed in no hurry, however, and the owner of the horse made two or three trips outside of the shop, looking nervously up the road.

"'Can't you hurry that job?' he said to the blacksmith. 'I never was in such a hurry in my life.'

"'Say,' declared the blacksmith, 'did you steal this horse?'

"'No, I didn't steal the horse,' said the owner reassuringly. 'I traded a lot for the horse, and by mistake I put two lots in the deed instead of one. Now I'm afraid the other fellow will discover the mistake and come back to demand the horse.'—San Francisco Chronicle.

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Asbury Park (via New York if desired). Going, June 29 and 30, July 1 and 2. Return Limit, July 10.....\$24.35
(Privilege of extension to Aug. 31.)

Asheville, N. C.
Going, Every Day.
Return Limit, Oct. 31.....\$20.50

Baltimore
Going, July 2, 3 and 4
Return Limit, July 15.....\$21.25
(Privilege of extension to Aug. 31.)

Bristol, Tenn.
Going, Every Day.
Return Limit, Oct. 31.....\$19.60

Chautauqua Lake, N. Y.
Going, July 7; Return Limit, Aug. 8
Going, July 28; Return Limit, Aug. 29.....\$19.25

Chautauqua Lake, N. Y.
Going, Every Day.
Return Limit, Oct. 31.....\$28.30

Deer Park, Md.
Going, Every Day.
Return Limit, Oct. 31.....\$27.15

Hamilton, Ohio.
Going, June 30, July 1.
Return Limit, July 5.....\$9.25

French Lick Springs, Ind.
(West Baden)
Going, Every Day. 10 day
Limit.....\$8.80
Going, Every Day. 3 months
Limit.....\$11.60

Louisville, Ky.
Going, June 13 and 14.
Return Limit, June 17.....\$6.50
(Privilege of extension to July 10.)

Louisville, Ky.
Going, July 30 and 31.
Return Limit, August 10....\$8.25

Pittsburg
Going, Every Day.
Return Limit, Oct. 31.....\$22.95

Pittsburg
Going, August 18 and 19.
Return Limit, Aug. 28....\$15.00

Philadelphia
Going, Sept. 15, 16 and 17.
Return Limit, Sept. 25....\$22.00
(Privilege of extension to Oct. 5.)

Saylor Springs, Ill.
Going, Every Day.
Return Limit, 3 months....\$6.25

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The lowest temperature and rates in St. Louis at Monticello Hotel. Young men and families a specialty.

A GERMAN POPULAR NOVEL

BY S. O. HOWES.

The author of "Jorn Uhl," (Dana Estes & Co., New York), a Holstein clergyman, has achieved in his native land what is popularly termed in America a best seller. It is unlikely that its success will be duplicated here, for it lacks the saving grace that puts a great novel above and beyond time and place. Country and village life in North Germany is laboriously, though, no doubt, faithfully described, and Germans of all classes, interested in a phase of their national life, pounced upon it. "David Harum" had a large sale here for like reasons, but its popularity never spread beyond the confines of this continent.

The book is really a chronicle of the doings of two families, the Uhls and the Crays, though *Jorn Uhl* plods his wearisome way from childhood to old age as central figure. Much stress is laid by the translator upon the fact that the author perpetrated a pun, *Uhl* and *Cray*, meaning owl and crow. This delicious bit of humor is set forth in a prefatory note as a guide post to the writer's wit. *Jorn*, the youngest lad in a farmer's family of five, was the only one destined to carry the family's name unstained. The father and brothers were shiftless tavern loafers, and the sister went to the bad through sheer perversity. *Jorn* was a dreamer and, when the task devolved upon him of wresting the farm from utter ruin, he failed. The author, thinking concessions necessary to those who clamor and pay for marriage bell endings, permitted his hero to win distinction and wealth in other fields. The field of battle is not left untilled, Gravelotte being described with some particularity without seriously endangering the reputation of Hugo and Tolstoi. The scene is strongly reminiscent of Steve Crane. The faithful family servant is drawn in *Wieten Penn*, a saturnine old woman who enjoys the doubtful advantage of possessing second sight. The one delightful character in the book is *Thiess Thiessen*, *Jorn's* uncle, whose personality is compounded equally of simpleness of mind and goodness of heart. When *Elsbe* hearkens too attentively to the call of Maytime in her blood he goes forth on an Odyssean journey to rescue. *Lisbeth Junker*, *Jorn's* first love and second wife, irritates by her silly snobbishness at a critical moment, but in the end the Showman redeems her. There is a deal of really charming folklore interwoven with the thread of the story, the legends clustering about the lovers' pool, Goldsoot, being especially pleasing. This was a lonely spot where lorn lovers believed they could hear the voices of absent ones.

The author in a mood of superb egotism says "To the heights and depths of human life, in all their wonder and beauty, only the simple and ignorant attain." This passage strikes the keynote to the author's disposition and talents, and serves in a measure as an apology for the formlessness of the book. The lives of the Uhls and

Crays, sombre though they were, might have been made readable had the author been endowed with some sense of proportion. The main current of the story is cluttered up with totally irrelevant accounts of people whose names even are not mentioned, mere pegs from which the author suspends his platitudes. He seems unable to leave the pulpit behind when he sits down to narrate. The book fills 416 pages, and it is safe to predict that few American readers will have the patience to continue faithful to the end. The translator, who seems to possess unbounded enthusiasm, claims for Gustave Frensen the liberties of an epic poet in the treatment of his subject. And he translates a certain German patois into Scotch dialect. Hoot mon!



"THE PERFECT WOMAN"

In a discussion among some friends recently we were in dispute as to the four requisite qualities to be found in the finest type of woman. A thought that these were the necessary charms: 1. A sense of religion; 2. An affectionate disposition; 3. A high reverence for maternity; and 4. Docility of temperament. On the other hand, B required: 1. Beauty; 2. High spirits; 3. Intelligence; and 4. An affectionate disposition. B reminded A that he had not asked for intelligence in his perfect woman, to which A replied that he didn't require it. B laughed this attitude of mind to scorn, and said that he knew a case at that moment in which such a woman as A described was slowly boring her husband to death, and actually driving him from home by her inanity—the case being all the harder for the husband because he realized and appreciated the good points of his wife. A retorted by saying that he knew a case in which such an intelligent and high-spirited woman as B described had turned her home topsy-turvy by knowing more than her husband did—that the husband had been slowly but surely relegated to the background, and the wife's "affectionate disposition," instead of being dutifully concentrated upon her husband and family, had gone abroad for its satisfaction, and expended itself upon man and woman kind generally. The argument was of the sort that came to no end, and it was agreed that the question would be sent to the editorial tribunal for settlement, in the hope that a formula for "the perfect woman" might be evolved.—"R. D." in *Harper's Weekly*.



Auntie (to her young niece)—Guess what I know, Mary—there's a little baby brother up-stairs! He came this morning when you were asleep."

Mary—Did he? Then I know who brought him—it was the milkman."

Auntie—What do you mean, Mary?

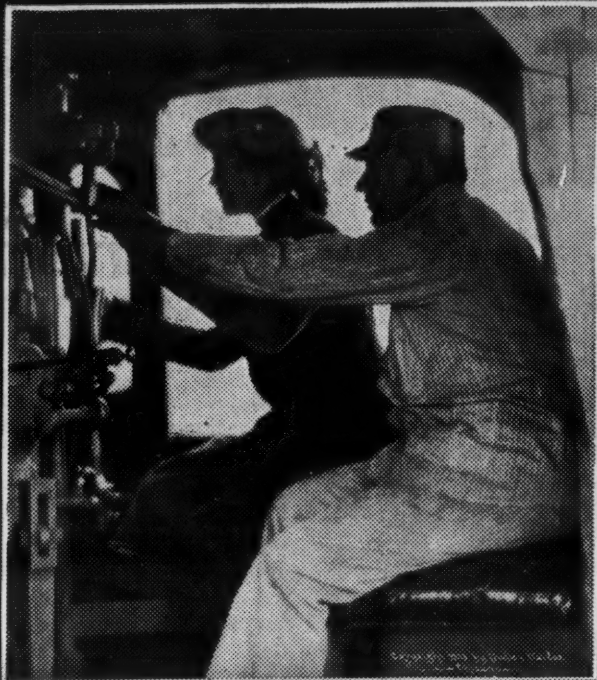
Mary—Why, I looked at the sign on his cart yesterday, and it said "Families supplied daily."—*Harper's Weekly*.



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THE HORRORS OF WAR

The old gentleman in the smoking-car was declaring vehemently that, in his opinion war was a disgrace to civilization. "War," he exclaimed, "is an abomination, a blot on the universe!" Upon which he rose and left the car.

"The old man seems to feel pretty strongly one the subject," said one of the passengers. "Has he lost some near relative through war?"

"Yes," answered a friend, "his wife's first husband."—*Harper's Weekly*.



Doctor (after careful examination)—Some foreign substance is lodged in your eye.

Dennis—Oi knowed ut! Thot's what Oi git f'r wurrukin' wid them Dagoes!—*Cleveland Leader*.



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Jess—I'm afraid that I'll never learn to swim.

Sue—Why not?

"Tom won't let go of me long enough."—*Cornell Widow*.

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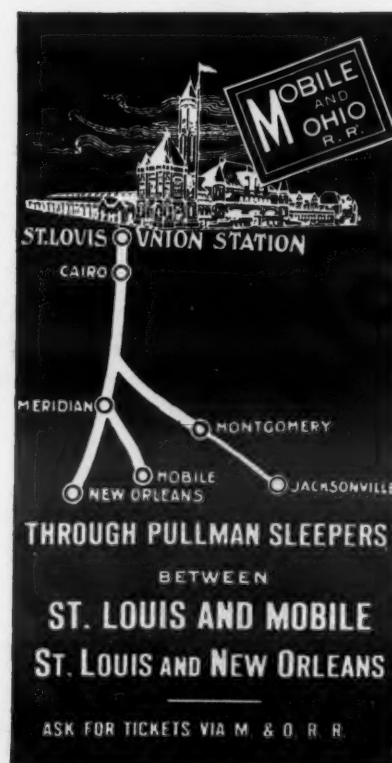
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